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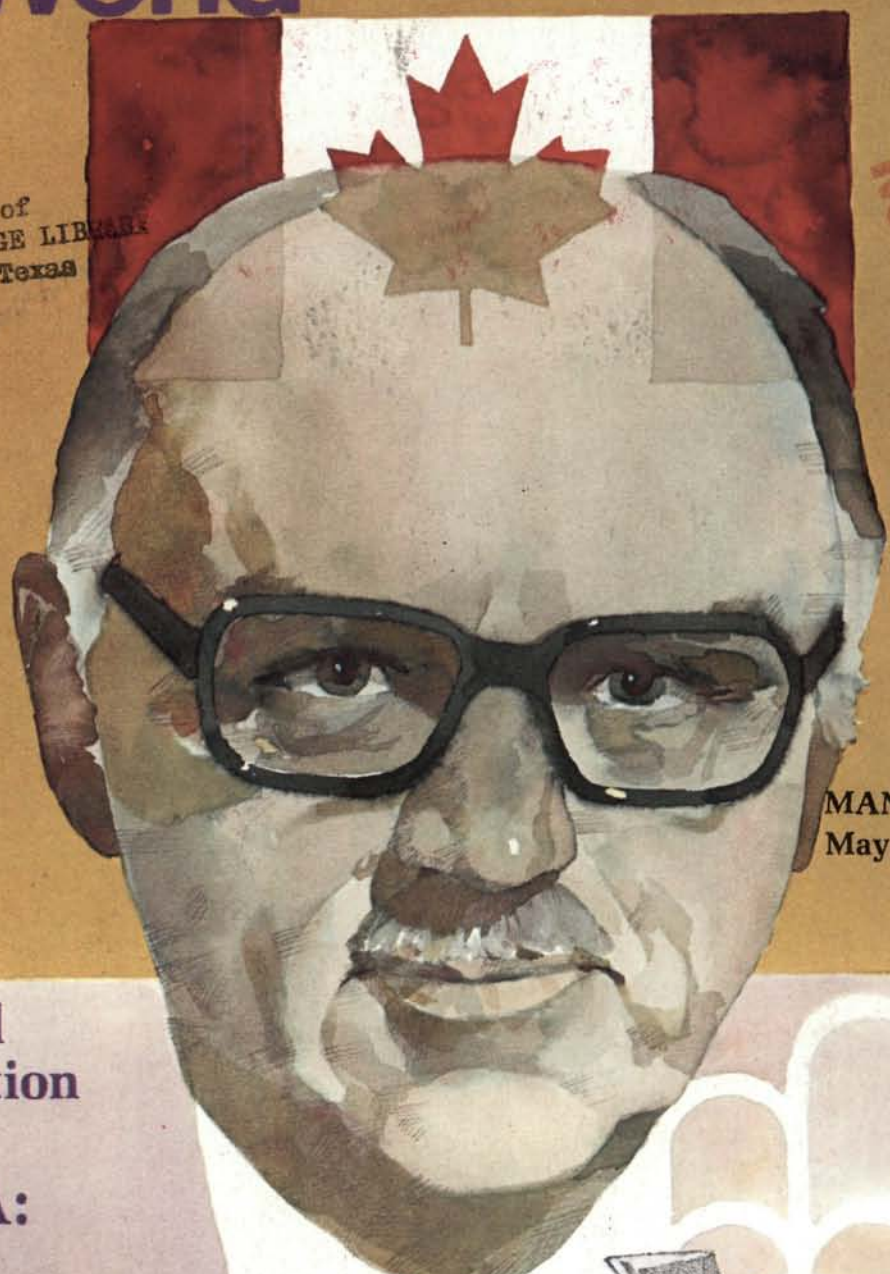

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AGE: 25

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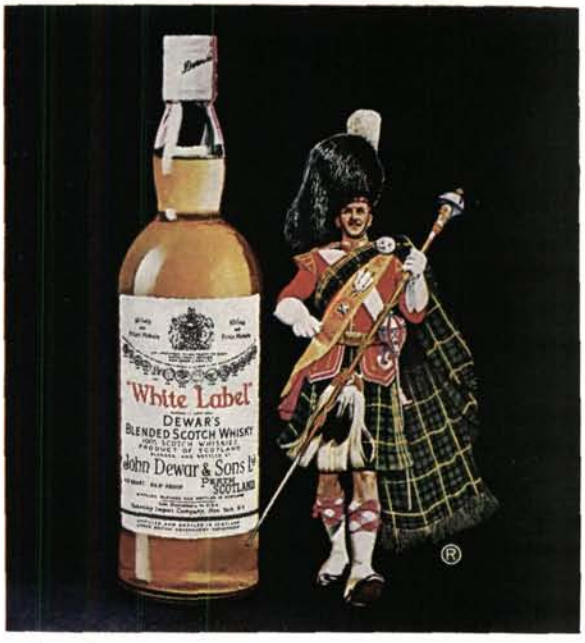

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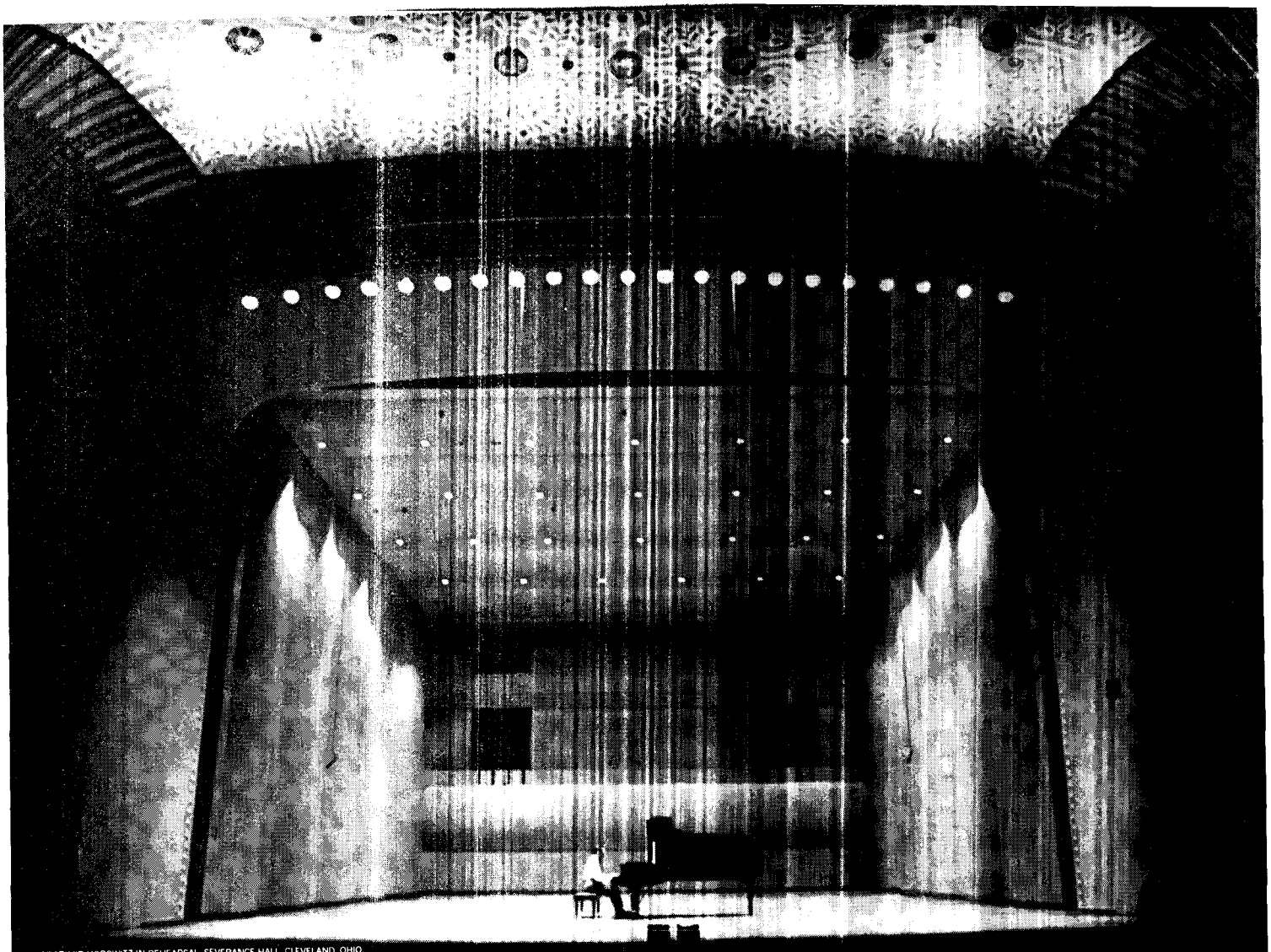

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How Not to Fight Inflation

President Ford's message on inflation to the Congress and the nation called for toughness in facing up to hard choices in a war against inflation. The President presented detailed proposals, but he had nothing specific to say about the $92.6 billion military budget, which some experts have described as a prime example of massive bureaucratic waste.

Few would argue with the proposition that the nation must be adequately defended. The argument is against the notion that we have to wreck our economy in the process.

There is hard evidence to indicate that the U.S. government is now caught up in the biggest binge of military overspending and misspending in its history. Some items:

► The United States has a larger military budget than the Soviet Union and China put together.

► We have been in an overkill position for more than a decade. The stockpiles of nuclear explosives are more than enough to destroy an enemy the size of the Soviet Union at least 100 times over. But the stockpiling goes on. If we had to, we could kill 400 million people in a few hours. Admittedly, some of the newer bombs contain features that make them more devastating while reducing the total weight of the package. One thing, however, remains unchanged: The use of these bombs would produce a holocaust from which the attacker would find no escape. The radioactivity would be carried by the winds and would affect all life in varying degrees.

► The end of the war in Vietnam, the SALT agreements with the Russians, and the new relationship with China—all of which were hailed by President Nixon as the most significant gains for world peace in many years—are not reflected by a decrease in our military budget.

► The September 6, 1973 report of the Senate Armed Services Committee points out that one of the military arguments used to justify the exotic new military systems was that they would reduce our manpower requirements. Instead, there has been a sharp increase in military administrative costs and in what is known as "manpower per force unit." Ten years ago, operating costs represented 55 percent of the defense budget. Today, operating costs account for 70 percent of the defense budget. Four out of five military personnel are involved in desk work or non-combat functions.

► New tanks are scheduled for production at $750,000 per tank. Some experts have asserted that many of the expensive new wrinkles in these tanks have no military justification.

► The Department of Defense has blamed the new volunteer system for most of the increased manpower costs. It has said very little, however, about the budget item of salaries for approximately 1,500,000 officers and non-commissioned officers. We now have more four- and three-star generals, admirals, colonels, and navy captains on the public payroll than at the height of World War II.

► The theory behind NATO (North Atlantic Treaty Organization) and SEATO (Southeast Asia Treaty Organization) is that all the countries involved pull their own weight. This has not happened, as the Vietnam war and the Turkish aggression against Cyprus have demonstrated.

► The American economy is suffering from competition with Japanese manufacturers, but we continue to help the Japanese economy by the maintenance of military bases in Japan—despite the end of our involvement in Vietnam.

► We maintain 42,000 military personnel in South Korea. Twenty-nine thousand of these men are in administrative command or logistic-support duties. Approximately the same situation exists in Thailand, where 29,000 out of 36,000 military personnel are in non-combat assignments; and in the Philippines, where 11,000 out of 16,000 hold administrative or other non-combat jobs.

► The military will spend about $15 billion this year for maintaining forces that are trained to fight in a World War II kind of conflict. This, despite the testimony of specialists that the next war will be as much unlike the last war as World War II was unlike World War I.

► During the past year, 142,000 military instructors and general personnel were required to train 221,000 inductees at a cost of $6 billion.

The above list could be extended. It is long enough, however, to indicate that the military budget could be cut by at least one-third, which is to say, by some 30 billions of dollars. The statement was made at the White House Conference on Inflation that if the government could cut its budget by $12 billion to $15 billion, a giant step would be taken toward bringing inflation under control. The response to this challenge in some government quarters was not a series of suggestions for eliminating waste from the military program but a wide range of proposals for cutting back on health services, education, and anti-poverty measures.

How will it combat inflation or add to the national security if we pursue military policies that could unhinge the American economy and downgrade the quality of life? N.C.

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Letters From Readers

The Politics of Psychiatry

Register my agreement with Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. ("Can Psychiatry Save the Republic?" September 7). I have, however, arrived at the same destination by a different route. . . .

During the past 25 years, the companion disciplines of psychiatry, psychology, and sociology have developed a detailed body of information, delineating a scientific understanding of the functioning of man in his cybernetic network with society. The key issue, therefore, is not an absence of essential information —as Arthur Schlesinger states—but rather the haphazardness with which that knowledge is applied. . . .

William F. Fry, Jr.
Stanford, Calif.

As a psychiatric resident, I agree for the most part with Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., about the undesirable effects of psychiatry in the political process. . . .

But I would like to offer a slightly different perspective. First, I do not think this business of proposing psychiatrists as purveyors of political process is a serious movement within the profession. Although there are grandiose and inappropriate proposals from psychiatrists about what psychiatry should be doing for the rest of the world, most psychiatrists have a keen sense of humility in the face of, at times, awesome ignorance.

But the main point I would like to make is this: it is not at all hard for me to understand how some members of the profession can propose that psychiatry be so prominent in the political process. After all, many of our public institutions turn to psychiatry as an agent of social control. Daily in our legal systems, military institutions, as well as welfare and other public-service organizations, psychiatrists are called upon to attest to the intentions, private thoughts, past deeds, and future actions of a wide range of citizens who come before these institutions. Frequently imprecise laws and regulations conspire with administrative reluctance to give the psychiatrist a position of inordinate power. The question, Does the psychiatrist have anything to offer? needs to be asked and struggled with repeatedly in such situations. It is fine to consider the inappropriate use of psychiatry in high levels of political functioning, but should we not also challenge the abuse of psychiatry in our everyday institutions and its impact on our everyday citizens?

William Sledge, M.D.
New Haven, Conn.

It was flattering to an old relic country doctor to receive such attention from such a great writer and historian as Mr. Schlesinger and to hope that my feeble paper perhaps stimulated him to write that fine article.

It was unjust to name the Stanford Medical School, which would promptly and properly disown me, rather than the Palo Alto Medical Clinic, which I founded and which nurtures me in my state of "statutory senility." In the school I was a "clinical professor" only. In the clinic I was for 50 years a very busy internist.

But it was downright discouraging to encounter such distortions of the main thesis, whether deliberate or unwitting, on the part of a recognized authority. The thesis is simply that lunatics in all grades of severity frequently achieve power, that despite the limitations of modern psychiatry, so long led astray by the phallic fantasies of Freud, madness is usually identifiable, and in view of the terrible risk to mankind when an unstable mind controls the trigger, it behooves us to do what we can in both prophylaxis and therapy. . . .

Russel V. Lee, M.D.
Palo Alto, Calif.

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., replies:

May I say briefly in response to these letters that, even if the scientific knowledge of human nature and character were far more certain and reliable than it is (or is likely to be), the question remains whether that knowledge should override and supersede the democratic process. What, in short, happens to the idea of self-government if a board of "experts" can veto the decisions of an electorate? In the meantime, psychiatry and psychotherapy do indeed have a modest role to play in the alleviation of tension and the improvement of human relationships; but neither professional arrogance nor a popular belief in magic should lead to an inflation of that role. Nor should anyone forget that the democratic process, in its proper working condition, contains safeguards of its own against the lunacy of leaders. I thank Dr. Lee for his good-natured response.

"It's been eating at me since 1959. Put in two more stars."

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World Progress Report

Trash-Cash

Like many other cities in the late Sixties, Nashville, Tenn., was faced with a deficit of energy and an imminent surplus of solid waste. While its growing population was producing an average of five pounds of solid waste per person per day, the city's sanitary landfill sites were fast filling up. Under stringent environmental regulations, acceptable new sites were almost impossible to find, especially in Nashville's solid limestone subsoil. And at the same time, a surge in new construction downtown presaged a heavy demand for energy just as the costs of conventional fuels were rising and the supplies were running short.

Nashville's innovative response was to attack both problems at once by converting its burdensome waste into useful energy. Under the Nashville plan, giant, fully enclosed trailer trucks collect the waste from conventional local garbage trucks and deliver it to a downtown incinerator. There a crane feeds the waste in one-ton bites into a 1,800-degree furnace. Because air to support combustion is drawn from the storage area, obnoxious odors are burned off along with the garbage. Noxious gases and particulates produced by the burning are removed by wet scrubbers and other devices for controlling pollution.

While the nasty garbage is being reduced to clean ash, the heat from combustion is used to make 600-degree steam. A three-mile-long pipeline running under the city streets distributes the steam under pressure to downtown buildings for winter heating. In the summer, steam is also used to power turbine-driven refrigeration units, which feed 41-degree water through another, parallel pipeline to keep customers cool. Return pipes carry condensed steam and used cooling water back to the plant for reuse.

The Nashville Thermal Transfer Corporation, which owns and operates the system, has from the city a 30-year guarantee of 1,400 tons of free garbage per day—the whole county's estimated daily solid-waste supply in 1975. In addition, the corporation already has 30-year contracts to supply hot steam and cold water to 27 downtown buildings—12 state, 4 municipal, and 11 private—with additional users expected to sign up soon. With such assurances of free fuel and steady customers, the entire project has been financed through a bond issue to be repaid with user fees, without dipping into the taxpayers' till.

Indeed, the project seems to promise almost universal benefits. The city gets rid of its garbage and saves some three dollars per ton in transportation and disposal costs, obviating in the process the need for new, environmentally acceptable landfill sites. As a bonus, the city may eventually be able to recover another three dollars' worth of salable residues from each ton of solid waste.

Meanwhile, the system's customers—beneficiaries of both free fuel and the economies of scale and efficiency—save an estimated 25 percent of the cost of buying, maintaining, and operating their own individual heating and cooling plants. In terms of electrical energy alone, the new system at capacity will conserve more than 71 million kilowatt hours of power per year—enough to sustain a residential population of 15,000. In the process, the single Thermal Transfer facility produces only a fraction of the pollutants that would have been emitted by the 27 individual plants it has replaced.

While Nashville enjoys a head start in the trash-into-energy field, other localities are rushing to implement their own variations on the same idea. In New York's Westchester County, for instance, the legislature has approved its own plan to turn the county's solid waste into steam for heating and cooling. Connecticut, meanwhile, is hatching a scheme by which the entire state's garbage will be burned to generate electricity. The state's Resources Recovery Authority has already contracted for the first 2 of 10 plants, and the entire system may be in operation as early as 1980.

Calling the Doctor

People who become ill in the rural outbacks of America are often lucky if they can get any kind of medical attention at all, much less the up-to-date treatment and the access to specialists that are the pride of big-city medicine. For the last four years, however, physicians isolated in rural Alabama have been assisted in diagnosis and treatment by, of all things, the telephone.

By means of a system acronymed MIST—Medical Information System via Telephone—any doctor in the state by dialing a toll-free number can have an immediate consultation with an appropriate specialist at the University of Alabama's modern medical facility in Birmingham. When not serving in emergencies, the telephone hookup is used to provide vital continuing education to doctors and nurses throughout the state. In four years of operation, reports MIST's director, Dr. Margaret Klapper, the phone has rung more than 49,000 times. ANTHONY WOLFF

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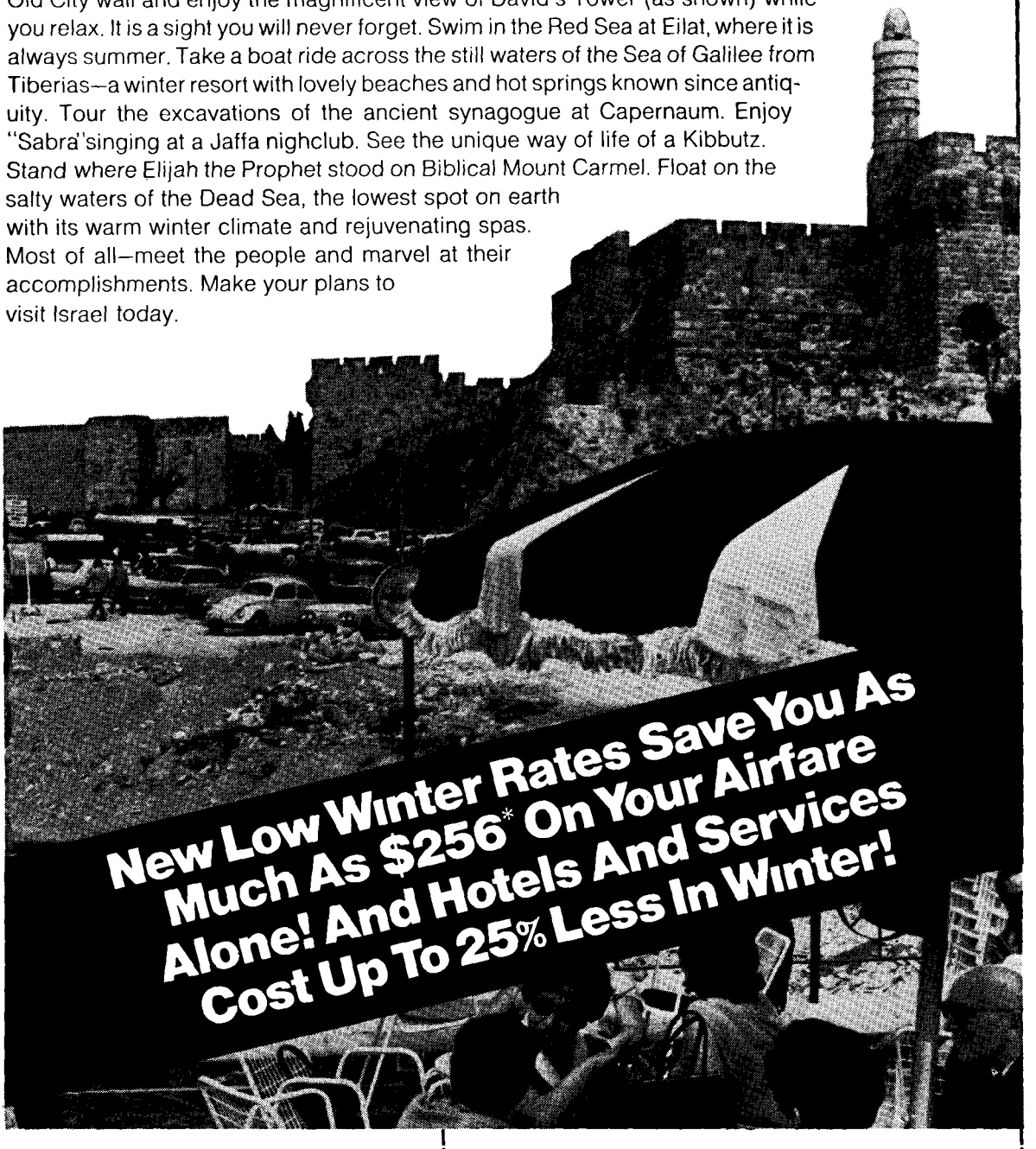

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CYPRUS: Ravaged Garden, Bitter Fruit

Peacetime in Famagusta—"Rimming the sea like an aspiring Miami Beach."

Adrift in the Middle East, this flammable isle, invaded yet again, stands, like the Czechs of 1939, alone, doomed, a presage of wholesale conflagration.

by Horace Sutton

On days like this, in places like these, what does it all matter? Nationality, language, race? These are the invention of the big nations. Look below you and repeat the names of all the kings who have reigned over the kingdom of Cyprus; of all the conquerors who have set foot here—even the few of whom written records exist! What does it matter that we *are now alive, and* they *dead—we have been pushed forward to take our place in the limelight for a moment, to enjoy these flowers and this spring breeze which . . . am I imagining it? . . . tastes of lemons, of lemon-blossom.*

—Lawrence Durrell, *Bitter Lemons*

I first went to Cyprus in 1957, going because I happened to be in Athens, because there was trouble between the British and the Greeks (it grew so heated that Athenians refused to call Athens's celebrated Grande Bretagne Hotel by its proper name), and because I was 17 years younger and eager for journalistic adventure. What I found was British barbed wire and a vicious campaign by EOKA, a terrorist group that sought union with Greece. I also sat in the garden of the Ledra Palace Hotel, listened to the Italian band serenade the guests with "Clan', clan,' clan' wan da trolley. . . ." And I inhaled the honeysuckle that hung from the wall like a giant victory banner and smelled like equal parts of heaven, Eden, and a forested valley in Hawaii.

There was something irresistible about that island, something that was both beautiful and fateful; tragic, perhaps, and yet altogether compelling, as if some hidden hand hadn't decided whether it would be an island of beauty or of despair, or whether it would, according to the capricious dictates of history, oscillate between the two.

I was back last spring, when Cyprus was a joy. Oranges, grapefruits, and lemons hung from the boughs of the deep-green citrus trees, strawberries were in season, and the melons were ripening in the fields, only a month away from market. On a day that was soft with April, I drove out of the resplendent Golden Sands Hotel, just opening that week, the car heading past its new tennis courts, as yet untrod; by the guest pavilions, as yet unslept-in, strung along three-quarters of a mile of beach; skirting the elaborate grill room, hardly tested, called The Templars, in honor of the Crusaders, where all the glass walls peel back, opening to the sea. The hotel would be the centerpiece of a Mediterranean playland where all of Europe and the Middle East could come to be laved by the sea, to search among the shards left by countless civilizations, which, one upon another, had made of the island an archaeological treasure house floating so near to Turkey on the north and the Levantine coast on the east.

I drove along Kennedy Avenue, the new district of ancient Famagusta, lined with sparkling hotels and restaurants rimming the sea like an aspiring Miami Beach. The old city had another look, a rough rectangle surrounded by walls 50 feet high and, in some sectors, almost 30 feet thick. Some four hundred years ago the Turks, refusing to countenance Venetian occupation of Cyprus, trapped the Europeans inside this citadel until, after a five-month siege, the Venetians surrendered. Thus began over 300 years of Ottoman rule, which was not to end until 1878, when the British took over.

Living inside the old city now were the descendants of 30,000 Turks who came as invaders and stayed as settlers. We had to leave our car and our Greek Cypriote driver at the portal, for before the invasion of last July, the old city was a Turkish enclave. The Turkish flag—not the flag of Cyprus—flew over the ramparts, and entrance was denied to Greek Cypriotes.

I climbed Othello's Tower, the site used by Shakespeare in the play he had patterned after Cristoforo Moro, who was lieutenant-governor of Cyprus from 1506 to 1508 and was not a Moor at all. Gunfire crackled below the ramparts, but they were not shots fired in anger, only

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Wartime in Nicosia—"Warming to the reality of gunboat diplomacy."

target practice that was being supervised by Turkish officers here from the mainland to train Cypriotes of Turkish origin in the military arts. Somewhere in some other quarter, 650 Greek officers, dispatched by Athens, were training the Greek Cypriote militia. Only a few weeks earlier, Archbishop Makarios had requested their recall, an action that was to precipitate the coup engineered by the Greek junta.

The blue flag of the United Nations fluttered from the guard post manned by Swedes, part of the force that the United Nations had maintained on the island since 1964. Cyprus was the showpiece of the United Nations' peacekeeping effort, and there was little for the Swedes to do except to take sunbaths there on Othello's Tower.

It was hard to imagine, looking at the seedy old town that lay below, that 50,000 civilians and 10,000 Venetian soldiers had lived here in that siege of 1501. In the peace negotiation that followed the Turkish victory, the Venetian soldiers were to be permitted to sail for Crete and the civilians left unharmed. But, then, fighting erupted anew, and Marcantonio Bragadino, the Venetian commander, met with Lala Mustapha Pasha, the Turkish conqueror, to settle the terms of the peace. Instead of negotiating, Bragadino was tortured for 14 days, publicly flogged, and when he was dead, his skin was stuffed with straw and sent on exhibition in Famagusta, Syria, and Constantinople.

Bragadino is remembered only in the guidebooks, but the victorious Lala Mustapha Pasha is honored by the mosque, the former Cathedral of St. Nicholas, which bears his name. From the tower, near the U.N. shack, I could see the freight ships at quayside flying the red crescent flag of Mustapha Pasha's antecedents, but the Turkish ships were there at the sufferance of the Greek Cypriotes, and if anything, the Turkish emblem was a reminder, if one had realized its significance at the time, that the Turkish side possessed no entry to the sea that they could call their own, a necessity which, after their massive military move that was to explode in the summer, would prove a primary demand in the ultimate settlement.

I climbed down from Othello's Tower, the route back to the gate taking me past taverns where Turks puffed away the daytime hours sucking on water pipes. The Toros Hotel was a dilapidated hovel compared with the shining new resorts along Kennedy Avenue. If it had anything to reclaim it, the Turkish quarter could look to these historic walls, possessed of a certain scruffy quaintness that was at once unclean and fascinating. In the antique shops one could dicker for bits of ancient pottery, forbidden fruit on the Greek side and worth a fine and a confiscation if one was discovered taking a relic out of the country. The airport, and the control of customs, was in Greek Cypriote hands.

The driver was waiting outside the portal, and we set off, the press of time being what it was, to do less than justice to Salamis, the remains of the city in the virtual center of the arc of Famagusta Bay that could claim origins traced back to 1,180 years before Christ. The litter of four millennia lies strewn about this seaside site. Who indeed had not been here? Who had not written of it? Fought for it? Negotiated for it? The Mycenaeans had settled a colony, but the true founders had come from the Greek island of Salamis 1,200 years before Christ. Greeks and Persians had grappled for it, Alexander and Ptolemy had held it, the Romans had made it a colony and, inevitably, built a theater, which, until the Turkish summer invasion, was entertaining audiences that came to see performances staged by an amateur company recruited from the British military bases.

Breathing the musky odors of the ancient site, I bid the driver head the car north of Nicosia toward Kyrenia, which gave promise, friends told me, of a picture-book port, a miniature creation of St. Tropez. We rolled through the mountains of the Kyrenia range that Durrell, in *Bitter Lemons*, had said belonged to the world of the sixteenth-century print:

> It . . . is studded with crusader castles pitched on the dizzy spines of the mountains, commanding the roads. . . . The very names smell of Gothic Europe: Buffavento, Hilarion, Bellapaix. Orange and mulberry, carob and cypress—the inhabitants of this landscape discountenance those other green intruders from the Arabian world, the clear green fronds of palms and the coarse platter of banana leaves. . . .

I drove up the gentle slope of the range, just above the sea, to the little town of Bellapaix, where Durrell had built his home when he arrived in Cyprus in 1953 in the service of the British government before the fanatics of EOKA, who wanted union with Greece, had begun their terror. There was the Gothic abbey built by the Lusignan kings during the Crusades. Yellow daisies and orange poppies were a stirring of life in the crevices of the old stones. Cactus grew and geraniums and palms and cypresses, side by side in the courtyard. Roman sarcophagus and old cloister. Ancient church and prized icons. Iris and huge snapdragons and orange blossoms. The Lusignans had called this place the convent of peace, La Cloiture de la Paix. The Cypriotes had turned that into Delapays; and the Venetians who followed, Bellapaese.

"By tradition the inhabitants of Bellapaix are regarded as the laziest in the island," the muktar of the village had confided to Durrell. "They are all landed men, coffee drinkers, and card players.

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Abbey at Bellapaix—"Yellow daisies were a stirring of life in the old stone."

That is why they live to such ages. Nobody ever seems to die here." And they didn't, until the summer of 1974.

I went to join the coffee drinkers, uncertain whether to invade the Tree of Idleness Restaurant, where the bar is decorated with currency of all nations whose nationals have visited here, or Dimitris Café, where the ancient villagers were sitting under the mulberry trees. I joined them, and the patron went for coffee, putting the pot on a bed of embers until it was hot, then pouring the sludgy brew into my cup. He would take no money. I was, after all, a visitor from some other land, busy with a notebook that gave me a cachet of officialdom.

Kyrenia, where the Turks were to make their initial landings last July, was a flutter of personalities, strewn there like confetti after a party. The harbor, then, was an arc of delight, the curving facade fitted with restaurants, taverns, shops, and small hotels where one could fritter away a winter's week, a day in spring, a summer's lifetime. Tables filled the sidewalk, yellow fish nets encircled the harbor, yachts were pulled up, stern first, as at St. Tropez and Porto Cervo. Here at the harbor's corner stood the great bulk of the castle steeped in the history of Richard Coeur de Lion, the Genoese who had attacked it, the Venetians who had strengthened it, the Turks who had taken it without a shot in 1570, and the British who had used it as a prison and a training school for the police brought from Britain to cope with EOKA.

By last spring it had become an official Ancient Monument maintained by the Department of Antiquities. Its most fascinating exhibit was not the dungeons, or the apartments of the Lusignan kings, but the remains of a Greek ship that had sunk off Cyprus about 300 B.C. and was found again in 1965 by a Greek diver hunting for sponges. Brought to the surface, it was a fragile rib cage of spars being dusted by archaeologists when I saw it, its ballast of millstones, its 400 wine jars, the equipment of its four-man crew, filling the room of a small museum. Its state of preservation was remarkable enough, but so, too, was the realization that before its final journey from Rhodes to Cyprus it had sailed during the time of Alexander the Great.

We had lunch at Marabou on the harbor, where the menu is prepared to satisfy as diverse an assortment of tastes as one might encounter at the delegates' lounge of the United Nations. There were the white-haired, brittle British pensioners choosing the mixed grill followed by a sherry trifle; Cypriotes relishing squid with wine sauce and rice; U.N. soldiers from Scandinavia with their girl friends who had flown down from the homeland, having sandwiches and beer.

I finished a last sip of *commandaria*, that rich dessert wine that has been made on the island since the Crusades, and walked across the esplanade to look at the old Dome Hotel, which was to become a sanctuary for 500 quavering refugees during the Turkish invasion. Now it was quiet and proper and old, very much like its clientele. The dining room was set in military order, each table with its half-empty, corked bottle of Cyprus wine—Othello, or Blonde Lady, or Aphrodite white, which its owners would finish at dinner or, if not then, at lunch the next day.

"Never has one seen such extraordinary human beings as those who inhabited the Dome," Durrell had written. "Nothing could convince one more easily that England was on its last legs than a glimpse of the wide range of crutches, trusses, trolleys, slings, and breeches buoys which alone enabled these weird survivals to emerge from their bedrooms and take the pale spring sunshine of the Kyrenia waterfront. . . ."

But even that overdrawn picture of faded elegance, or at least of musty refinement, might have had its numbered days were it not for the events of summer. The steam shovels were scratching everywhere as the island underwent a transformation from political tosspot to international playground. On the waterfront a sales office dispensed enormous brochures advertising Livadia Complex, which would be a pleasure world stretched along a mile of beach facing Turkey. It would have a population of 2,500 in apartments, condominiums, and villas. One hundred and four flats were already up for sale. A five-star hotel would be ready in three years, but the clubhouse would open this September.

And then Dimitrios Ioannides, brigadier general, destined to be the last of the militarists who, as part of a junta, had, with U.S. support and compliance, autocratically ruled Greece since 1967, pulled the string that, on July 15, set off a coup that deposed Archbishop Makarios, president of Cyprus since independence in 1959. The ostensible reason for the coup was a letter that Archbishop Makarios had written to General Ghizikis, then-president of Greece, in which he asked for the withdrawal from the island of Greek military officers who were on Cyprus as advisers to the Greek Cypriote military forces. The Greek officers, Makarios claimed, were avid supporters of EOKA, the extremist, terrorist group that sought *enosis*, or union with Greece, an eventuality that would be intolerable to Ankara. The Turkish government felt a paternal responsibility to the 115,000 ethnic Turks who comprise 15 percent of the island's population.

Although Makarios had indeed thrown the gauntlet to Ioannides, it seems clear that the president hardly expected to be rewarded with a coup that

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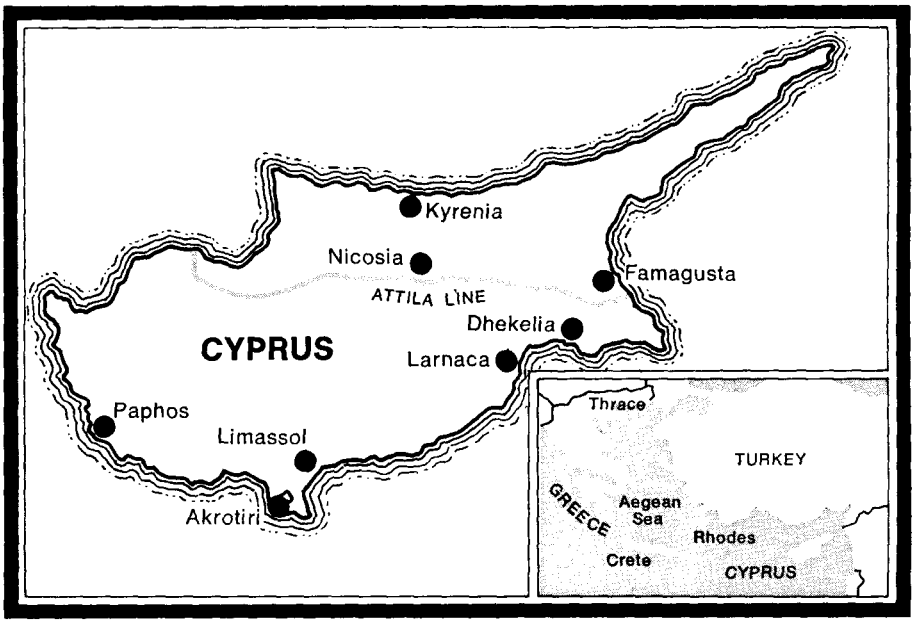
would result in his removal. A week before the Greek officers struck, there had been rumors that Ioannides was going to move. A review of intelligence reports reveals, in hindsight, some indication of impending action from Athens. Still, Makarios had survived many aborted coups and even an assassination attempt. He had built a Praetorian guard of his own, which he armed with Czech guns. On the Sunday night that Ioannides struck, Makarios was off in the Troodos Mountains, not at the presidential palace in Nicosia.

The palace guard proved no match for the Cypriote force led by their Greek officers, bent on annexing the island to Greece once and for all. Makarios was flown to the British base, part of sovereign British territory at Akrotiri, on the southern coast, and then Ioannides installed Nikos Sampson, whom some called an extremist and others termed an outright thug. It was a fatal error, for Sampson represented *enosis*—union with Greece—an eventuality that could not be countenanced by the Turks.

Britain, Greece, and Turkey had all signed the 1960 Treaty of Independence and were co-guarantors of the status quo. Because Greece, or at least the military junta controlling it, had started the action, Athens could hardly be called upon to enforce the Treaty of Guarantee. Prime Minister Bulent Ecevit alerted the Turkish armed forces and flew to London to ask for joint action by the British government. Washington then dispatched Joseph Sisco, under-secretary of state for political affairs, to London. Sisco began a phase of Kissinger-style shuttle diplomacy, flying from London to Athens to Ankara, trying to keep the negotiations going. The Greeks promised a more effective Turkish role to protect Cypriotes of Turkish ancestry. But it was a faint and flabby concession. By now the Turks had more imposing demands: access to the sea for the Turkish Cypriote community and federation, which was really a euphemism for splitting the island in two.

Warming to the reality of gunboat diplomacy, Seventies style, the Turks knew the Greek junta couldn't meet their demands. This seemed a rich opportunity to realize a cause that was wreathed in sentimentality—Turkish power the way it had been in the imperial Ottoman days. Finally, Ecevit's government was new, and his domestic political situation was fragmented. It was badly in need of a unifying cause.



Bob Pelletier

In the early hours of July 20, Turkish troops came ashore on the very beaches at Kyrenia that were to be the sites for dream resort lands. Paratroops floated to earth around Nicosia. Three days later these initial military events produced startling political results. Nikos Sampson resigned, his place as head of the Cyprus government assumed by Glafkos Clerides, who was president of the House of Representatives and could by law assume presidential powers in the absence of Makarios. The same day, the seven-year authoritarian rule of the Athens junta came to an end, and Constantine Caramanlis, who had been Greek prime minister from 1955 to 1963, was recalled from exile in Paris to assume leadership of the new Greek government.

THE U.N. SECURITY COUNCIL called for a cease-fire, and the three guarantors sent their foreign ministers to Geneva for five days of talks, which began on July 25. A second round of talks resumed on August 8, but in Cyprus, meanwhile, cease-fire or no, the Turks were strengthening their hold in Kyrenia and pushed out to take new villages. Now, Turan Gunes, the Turkish foreign minister, tightened the screw. He proposed a federation—that is, a geographical division of the island; moreover, he wanted a decision in 23 hours. George Mavros, foreign minister for the new Athens government, and Glafkos Clerides, acting president of Cyprus, asked for 36 hours to consult with their governments. The United States, an observer at the conference, issued a statement acknowledging that the Turkish community deserved greater autonomy, a gain, Washington said, that didn't justify the use of force. The statement was meant to dissuade the Turks, but it had the reverse effect.

The request for a 36-hour adjournment for consultation was turned down as the Turkish delegates began to look, a bit anxiously, some observers thought, at their watches. Even as the Geneva talks were collapsing, the Turks launched a massive attack, bombing Nicosia, dropping napalm, destroying the hotels in Famagusta, and for reasons undetermined, unleashing bombs on ancient Salamis. The attack, which the Turks called Attila (after the greatest of the barbarian leaders), pushed clear across the northern half of Cyprus, occupying fully 40 percent of the island.

Through all this turmoil on an island so strategically located in so sensitive an area, involving as it did two of the pivotal allies in the NATO group, the United States was strangely silent. It scarcely raised its voice even during those initial hours of the Sampson regime when *The New York Times* delivered a scathing editorial saying:

> It is almost beyond belief that the Greek officers would attempt to install as President of Cyprus one Nikos Sampson, confessed murderer, professional bully boy and fanatical supporter of Enosis (union with Greece)....
>
> What happened in Cyprus yesterday dramatizes the bankruptcy of a cynical United States policy toward Greece. After that tragedy it should be more difficult for

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"How could the Turks move such a massive force south without the knowledge of the NATO command? And if NATO knew, why, then, weren't the Greeks informed?"

American policymakers to argue that the tyranny in Greece is strictly a problem for the Greeks to resolve.

The silence was construed, at home and abroad, as a tilt toward Turkey.

The reasons for this posture range from farcical to factual to outlandish. Among them:

• Kissinger goes with force, and the Turks represented that force.

• Kissinger looks over the heads of small wars no matter how they dislodge, discommode, or dismember local citizenry. His watchful eye is on the avoidance of nuclear holocaust between superpowers.

• A gentleman's agreement had been reached between Moscow and Washington permitting partition. A Turkish-controlled zone might mean the prospect of huge new American bases in Turkish Cyprus, minutes from the Middle East mainland. The Russians would concede such a base if they would be permitted to bring large warships, far above the present 10,000-ton limit, through the Dardanelles into the Mediterranean.

• A quid pro quo existed between Ankara and Washington. The Turks would get their federated zone on Cyprus, and in turn they would promise to control the poppy growers.

• The United States was too preoccupied with Watergate to involve itself in a volatile Balkan war.

Basil Vlavianos, head of the American Committee for Cyprus, accused the United States of outright connivance with the Turks. How could the Turks, a vital part of the NATO command, move such a massive force south to invasion ports without the knowledge of NATO headquarters? And if NATO knew, why weren't the Greeks informed? They were questions hard to answer.

The results for the United States were disastrous. As the Turks began their second thrust in force, the new Caramanlis government pulled Greece out of NATO, leaving, as one observer put it, a second floor with no first floor. It was a situation to delight the Russians, who with their own intrigues could never have hammered a more telling crack in the NATO alliance.

Anti-American attitudes swelled on Cyprus and in Greece, resulting in the assassination of the American ambassador, Rodger Davies. But the ground swell of anti-Americanism didn't begin with Cyprus, although it was surely a valve from which the steam of Greek frustration could escape. The Greek people had sided with the Allies in World War I, had defied Mussolini's huge air armada in World War II, had harassed the Germans in Crete, and had flown with the British from airfields in England. They had provided harbor and shelter for giant air and naval bases in the Cold War years that followed. Not the American people, but the administration, had given outright support to the hated junta during seven harrowing years. And now the Americans had sat on their hands while the Turks humiliated them and their new democratic government. For all that, Caramanlis is not disposed to unleash full-scale anti-Americanism in Greece, for if such partisanship would run uncontrolled, he and his government could well be taken over by the newly legitimized Greek Left.

As THE GOLDEN DAYS of the early fall came to New York, the foreign ministers of the nations flew into the city for the annual conclave of the U.N. General Assembly. In his suite at the Turkish mission on Manhattan's East Side, Turan Gunes, the short, mustached, cigarette-puffing foreign minister from Ankara, wadded as he was with security men provided by the Secret Service, permitted himself a few observations. "The Turks on Cyprus," he said, "had been living under severe economic and physical pressures since 1963. If everything was normal before our intervention, why were U.N. forces present on the island for 10 years? Surely not to protect the 500,000 Greeks from the 140,000 Turks. The Turks had been living under a state of siege. Sure, they had the right to work under the Greeks in the Greek Cypriote sector—as cheap labor. Blacks in South Africa can work, too, but this doesn't constitute freedom.

"It should be remembered that the Ecevit government took the initiative to resolve peacefully the question of Turkish oil rights in the Aegean. The Greeks said the Turks had no rights at all, that there was nothing to be negotiated. About Cyprus, the Greeks said the circumstances were not conducive to negotiating. I met the Greek foreign minister, and I urged him to resolve all disputes and differences through negotiations. Remember that before the invasion, the opposition party criticized Ecevit (a former journalist) for writing poems in which he called Athenians 'brothers.' Makarios is a person dedicated to pan-Hellenism. Makarios knew that as long as Turks lived in Cyprus, Greece could never annex the island. His purpose was to exterminate Turkish Cypriotes through economic and physical threats."

Across the city, in a flower-filled suite at the Plaza Hotel, with no visible security, George Mavros, the Greek foreign minister and deputy president, had other ideas. Turkish diplomacy was a comedy arranged to gain time for the invasion, went the line of Greek opinion. Nor had Athens missed the fact that Ecevit had expressed thanks both to Moscow and to Kissinger for their understanding during the Attila invasion. Greeks and Turks had lived on good terms for centuries. Hadn't Durrell, in *Bitter Lemons*, written in 1957, said that:

The Turkish case, as such, did not of course carry as much weight as the Greek though one could sympathize with the Turks of Cyprus. Nevertheless it was difficult to understand how a hypothetically Greek Cyprus could constitute a graver military threat to Turkey than did Rhodes or Thasos; and the 200,000 Turks in Thrace do not seem to find life harder than the corresponding number of Greeks living in Turkey. . . . But national hysteria makes a poor counselor, and the shocking riots which followed in September in Turkey made the argument seem hollower than ever, and revived in a flash the ancient barbaric monstrosities which lie buried in the hearts of Turks and Greeks and which both until now believed dead for ever.

Ankara had needed to create pressure on Greece to build a tension that would divert domestic attention away from the problems inside the country. A public hero during the victories (Turkish newspapers called for outright annexation), Ecevit has since twice resigned, unable to bring together a proper government.

Mavros then laid out a plan that would prove acceptable to Athens:

(1) The solution will be what the communities, not parent nations, accept.

(2) The communities must be permitted to negotiate freely with all armies withdrawn. (This does not in-

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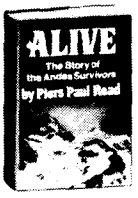

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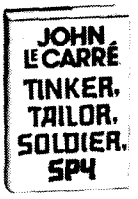

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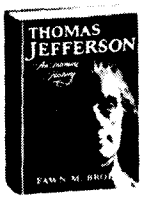

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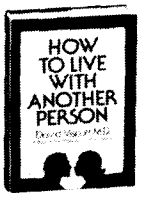

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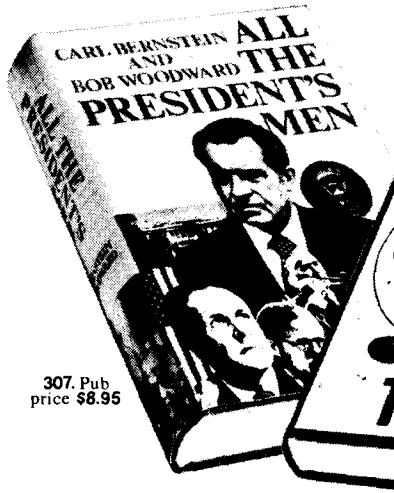

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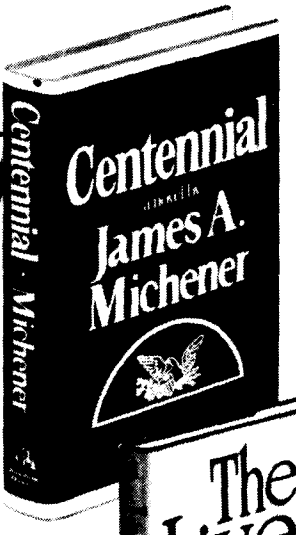

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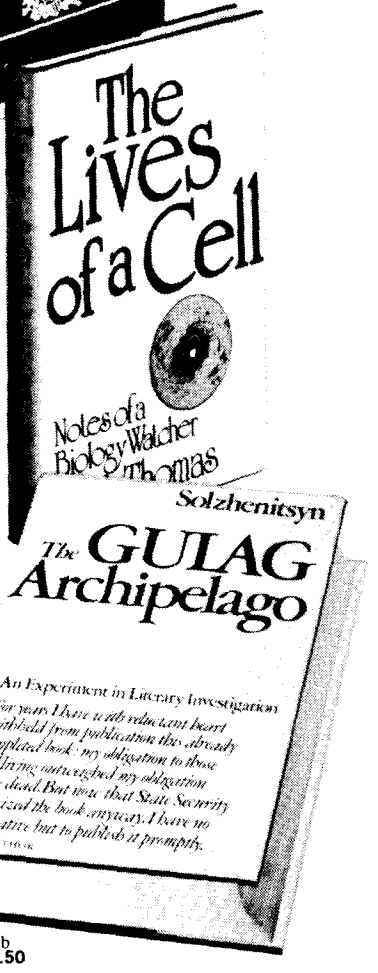

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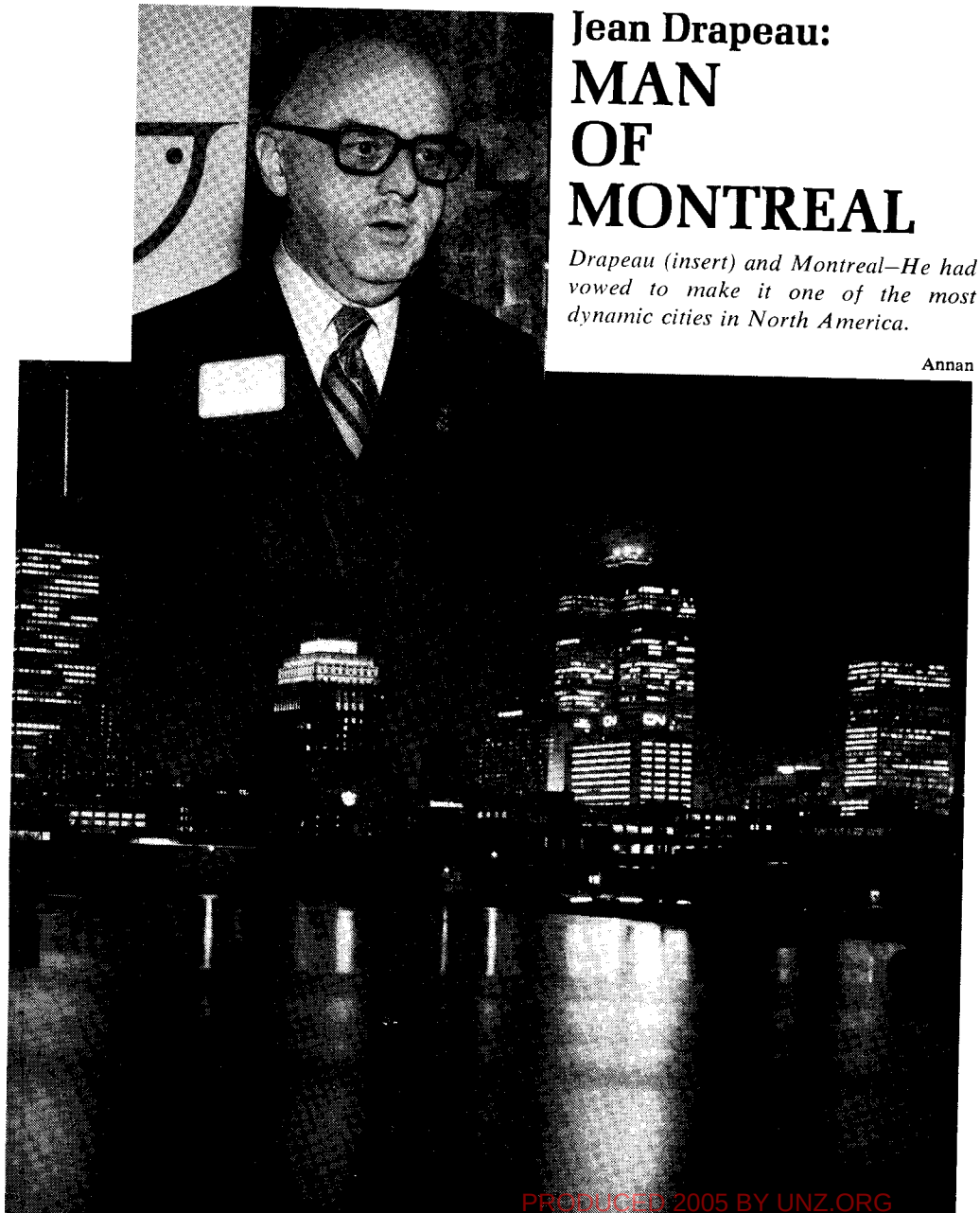
CANADA: Restless Upstairs Neighbor

In his wide-screen profile of the Canadian west (page 28), Frank Riley recalls Edmund Wilson's childhood view of Canada "as a kind of vast hunting preserve convenient to the United States." There are stretches that may fit that description, but the upstairs neighbor has grown restless, rich, sophisticated, and polished. Mayor Jean Drapeau, *SR/W*'s cover story, has brought Montreal everything from a world's fair to the Olympic Games, helping to make it a world city. Toronto, once the staid settlement of English Canada, is now described as a swinging city. The rush to find riches under the permafrost of the Northwest Territories is so relentless that it has distressed both Indians and Eskimos. But there are still backwater trails for a quiet canoe trip, still plenty of wide, open spaces from the prairies to the Pacific—even though Calgary, the old cow town, now sports a revolving restaurant atop a 625-foot tower. For a view of the restless neighbor upstairs, the story begins below with a sketch of the man who helped give the world a window on Canada and vice versa.

HORACE SUTTON



Drapeau (insert) and Montreal—He had vowed to make it one of the most dynamic cities in North America.

Annan

Jean Drapeau: MAN OF MONTREAL

by Claude Ryan

The emergence of Mayor Jean Drapeau of Montreal as a leading force in Canadian politics dates back to the years that immediately followed World War II. Montreal's City Hall and police force had been infiltrated by the underworld. For years the provincial government, which had authority over the city, kept its eyes closed. After all else had failed, a group of civic-minded citizens petitioned the Superior Court for a public inquiry into the police force. The request was strongly supported by the daily newspaper *Le Devoir* and by a host of religious, patriotic, and civic associations. The request was granted, and Justice François Caron of the Superior Court of Montreal was appointed to preside over the inquiry. The citizens' group appointed as their prosecutor a young lawyer who had twice been defeated as a Nationalist candidate, in a federal election in 1942 and in a provincial election in 1944. His name was Jean Drapeau.

The Caron inquiry lasted four years, during which the citizens' prosecutor fearlessly exposed links between City Hall, the police, and the underworld. To Drapeau's great satisfaction, the presiding judge decided to issue his report a few weeks before the municipal election slated for the fall of 1954. The report contained a scathing denunciation of the city's administration. The Civic

Claude Ryan is editor and publisher of Le Devoir, *a French-language daily newspaper published in Montreal.*

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Action League had been the leading force behind the morality drive that provoked the inquiry. It suddenly had to improvise a candidate for mayor. After several other personalities had declined the league's overtures, Jean Drapeau was chosen with some reluctance on the part of the league's directors. To everyone's surprise, he won an overwhelming victory. At 38, he became mayor of Montreal.

For the next three years, Montreal's administration was a model of openness and reform. But Drapeau was still a novice. He had not yet mastered his own party. His dependency upon the Civic Action League remained too strong for him. He had to settle differences with a tough Executive Committee chairman whose first loyalty was to the league, not to the mayor. He had to learn about the intricacies of a very complex administration with which he had little to do before. There was also a certain stiffness about him that made it difficult for him to establish true rapport with the people. His personal contacts were not always at the level of his lofty discourses. At the end of his first term, he was defeated by a vacuous leftover of the previous era.

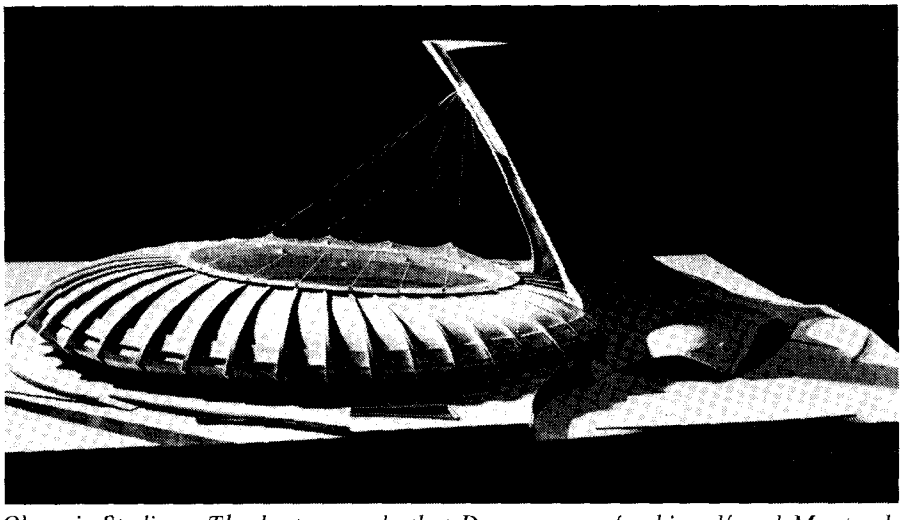
Though the next three years could have destroyed a feebler man, they rather helped Drapeau find himself. He underwent a period of deep gloom. Having decided to close his law office in order to become a full-time mayor, he found himself lacking an income and plagued by considerable financial problems, for he had obviously accepted no bribes during his first term as mayor. Instead of yielding to despair, the defeated mayor went into deep reflection upon the reasons for his failure. He was to emerge from that long reclusion as a radically changed politician.

Until then he had been a dreamer and an orator in the classic tradition of French-Canadian nationalism. He had been a moralist prone to invoke the celebrated example of Sodom and Gomorrah against the evils that plagued his city. As a stern critic of the late Premier Maurice Duplessis—whose style was in the best Huey Long tradition—he had been an apostle of openness in government and of the right to dissent. He probably concluded that these traits were not likely to gain for him a lasting success as a politician. He decided he would be a doer, not a talker. All else would henceforth be subordinated to that objective.

A few weeks before the 1960 election, Drapeau and a few trusted friends broke away from the Civic Action League to form their own Civic party. In October of the same year, he was returned to City Hall with a strong personal majority and an equally strong majority of councillors elected under his party banner. All his opponents, including the Civic Action League's candidates, had been crushed. It was to be the first of a series of triumphs that have continued until this day.

As soon as Drapeau was back in his old seat, he concentrated on rebuilding Montreal and on developing it into a truly international city. In his speeches during the Fifties, Drapeau had emphasized the need for building a strong French-Canadian society. He probably concluded that a dynamic Montreal would be the cornerstone of that society. He resolved to make it one of the most dynamic cities in North America. He spent considerable time improving the quality of municipal services. New department heads were appointed; new administrative practices were introduced. Ambitious programs aimed at accelerating traffic and embellishing the city were launched. A new interest in all aspects of cultural life became manifest at City Hall.

Drapeau's first big challenge came with Expo '67, for which Montreal had been chosen in view of the one hundredth anniversary of Canadian Confederation. The World Exhibition was by all accounts a smashing success. It provided an opportunity for modernizing roads, traffic conditions, hotel facilities, and other public services in the Montreal area. A new subway system was inaugurated a few days before the opening of the World Exhibition. New islands were built on the Saint Lawrence River in order to accommodate Expo '67. New roads encircled the island. New skyscrapers, new office buildings, new stores, new hotels, made their appearance in the center of the city. Expo '67 brought millions of visitors to Montreal from all parts of the world; it was a living symbol of Canadian unity. In spite of a $250 million deficit, which Drapeau quickly dismissed as insignificant compared with the large volume of foreign currencies that visitors brought into Canada, Expo is still remembered as an illustration of the mayor's uncanny ability to bring the three Canadian levels of government together around common projects.



Olympic Stadium—The best example that Drapeau sees for himself and Montreal.

Expo '67 and the Olympic Games of 1976 are perhaps the best examples of the role that Drapeau sees for himself and Montreal. Both projects were by definition far too considerable and costly to be undertaken by only a municipal government. It would have been only logical that first decisions upon them should have been made in Quebec or in Ottawa. But not so with Drapeau. Against the strong objections of highly placed politicians in Quebec and in Ottawa, he first managed to reserve Expo '67 and the 1976 Olympic Games for Montreal. He then—but then only—proceeded to enlist the participation of the province and the federal government. No better example of his ability to deliver the goods can be found than the Olympic Coins program. Confronted with mounting objections regarding the

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While Drapeau was deeply involved in his monumental projects, Toronto was making progress in areas of more durable interest to its people. It has caught up.

cost of the games, Drapeau unexpectedly emerged one day with a solemn announcement that there would be no deficit and that the funds needed to finance the games would come from the sale of millions of Olympic coins, which would be produced and sold under the authority of the federal government. The mayor's project was greeted with considerable skepticism by his many critics in the press. Two years later, after long hesitations had been dissipated at all levels, a first series of coins rapidly sold out; it soon was obvious that the other series would sell just as well. The mayor had once again played a trick on his critics. As things now stand, the Olympic Games Committee should draw at least $200 million in net revenues from the Olympic coins. Most of the money will serve to build new facilities in the Montreal area, including an impressive $150 million Olympic Stadium, which Montreal could never have erected without the coins.

Because of Expo '67 and the Olympic Games, its beautiful subway, its clean streets, and its dynamic mayor, Montreal is considered to have made extraordinary progress in the last 15 years. This belief is true in many respects, but it is far from the complete truth. Although Drapeau has concentrated on projects that bring prestige and pleasure to Montreal, he has shown much less active interest in some acute social problems that afflict his city.

Nothing is more eloquent in this respect than the hundreds of brightly colored fences and walls vivid with drawings that were put up in several districts of the city to help distract the visitor's view from the slums that are often hidden underneath. For nearly 20 years, Drapeau has spread asphalt and concrete all over Montreal. He built a superb Art Center. He brought modern transportation facilities to the people. Thanks to firm regulations adopted by City Hall, he helped clean the air that Montrealers breathe. He modernized the police and fire-protection services. But during all those years, large parts of the city have remained as depressed as they were when Drapeau first took office. Housing conditions have been left in a very unsatisfactory state. And unemployment has remained at a very high level among the young and the less educated people. Drapeau has often appeared unaware of those facts.

In the same vein, Drapeau used to boast about a "happy lack of orthodoxy" that Montreal has often displayed in the past. He once described Montreal as "a city of ferment," a place widely open to new ideologies, to intellectual and political innovation. But when truly novel political or social phenomena like separatism, Marxism, student power, illegal strikes in the public services, began to multiply in his beloved city, his best response was to greet the new ideas with the most modern riot squad in North America.

Montreal, a former mayor of Toronto who was being chided for his lackluster style once confided, is getting the spectacular shows, but Toronto is concentrating on lasting improvements. All comparisons are odious. But figures show that while Drapeau was deeply involved in his monumental projects, Toronto was making progress in areas of more durable interest to its people. It was busy modernizing its industrial structure and attracting capital and head offices. Montreal used to be the largest financial and industrial center in Canada. When Drapeau came to office, it had more people, more head offices, more employees in the financial sector, more power in the world of banking, than Toronto had. But since that time Toronto has caught up with, and often bypassed, Montreal. Between 1966 and 1971, the population of greater Montreal increased by a mere 170,000, from 2.57 million to 2.74 million; during the same period, the population of greater Toronto grew from 2.29 to 2.62, an increase of 330,000. Had it not been for the great development in the suburbs, the city of Montreal itself would have scarcely increased its population in the last 15 years. In 1952 Montreal used to have 1.24 head offices as against 1.00 for Toronto. In 1972 this percentage had gone down to 0.67. If 1961 is taken as a base, both Montreal and Toronto went up from 100 employees in the financial sector to 139 for Montreal in 1970 and 149 for Toronto in the same year. The leading national banks that have their head offices in Montreal could not, even if only for political reasons, have afforded to move them away from Montreal. But they were not prevented from transferring to Toronto important decision-making departments. While the industrial structure of Montreal was growing dangerously obsolete, Toronto was attracting most of the newly created electronic industries of the last decade. Personal income was much higher in Toronto than in Montreal.

Montreal once had a relatively well-organized economic-development office, which served as a link with prospective investors from different parts of Canada and the world. In the last decade this office has been reduced to practically nothing. Drapeau could reply that Toronto was bound to become the real economic capital of Canada sooner or later. From Toronto's inbuilt geographical advantages, he could reason that he had to resort to lofty schemes in order to keep Montreal on the map and create for it a new role in the radically changed environment of the present era. Such an explanation would not excuse the fact that he has shown little interest in the losses that Montreal was taking to Toronto and that he never took any tangible action to counter a trend that observers began to discern a long time ago.

Paradoxically enough, the area of public morality that served as a launching pad for Drapeau 20 years ago was to become the one in which he showed his first signs of real weakness. Following a crippling police strike in 1969, it was agreed to set up a new federation of the 29 municipalities of the island of Montreal, including the city of Montreal. The aim of the federation was twofold, namely to provide a contribution by the suburbs toward the financing of services that had previously been borne entirely by Montreal but which also benefited the suburbs, and to bring together under the ultimate control of Quebec the police services that were then run separately by each municipality. Montreal was gaining important financial compensations but had to abandon to another authority control over the police. Drapeau rapidly reacted by having one of his men appointed as head of the Montreal police before the merger took place. He hoped that the new police head would later be confirmed as head of the Montreal Urban Commu-

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ELEUTHERA, BAHAMAS

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Getting offshore

It takes time. The Exxon gasoline you're filling up with today may have come from an oil field we started looking for 8 years ago.

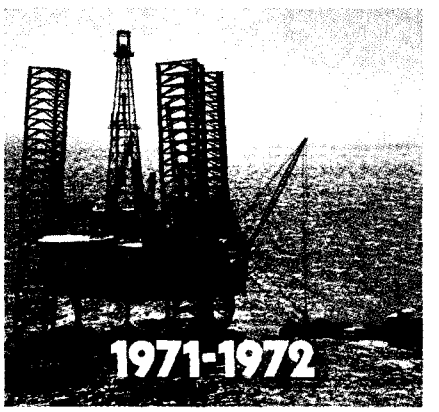
Geological survey. Eight years ago, Exxon began to explore a piece of acreage 75 miles out in the Gulf of Mexico.

Our geologists examined rocks from the bottom of the Gulf and along the shoreline. They used special devices to locate possible oil-bearing rock thousands of feet below the seafloor.

From this information, they created a vertical "picture" of the rock layers to find strata that looked promising.

These studies can take very little time, or up to six years. This one took four.

In 1970, convinced that the chances of finding oil were good, Exxon bought the rights to drill exploratory wells. This was the only way we'd find out for sure if there really was oil there.



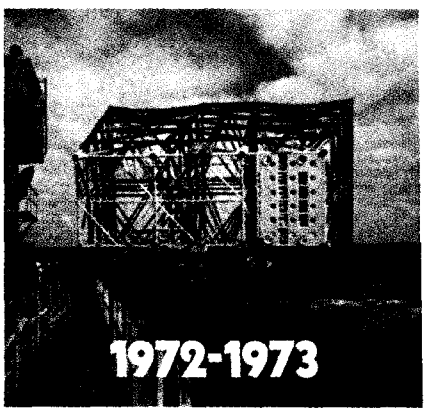
Exploratory drilling. We started drilling for oil in mid-1971. To do it, we used a mobile drilling rig. The cost of leasing and operating this rig was $24,500 a day.

Working round the clock, it took us 25 days to drill the first well. It was 8,500 feet deep—and we discovered gas, but no oil.

We then drilled a second hole. Fortunately, we hit oil. To find out how big the field was, we drilled several more wells. They outlined the size of the field and confirmed that oil was down there in commercial quantities.

Exploratory drilling can often take as long as five years. We were lucky. It had taken us just two.

The next step was to design and construct the oil-producing platforms which would replace the mobile rig. These huge platforms would be anchored to the seafloor directly over the field.



Platform construction and installation. We started building the twin drilling and production platforms in 1972. Construction took 16 months.

Each offshore platform has to be built specifically for the area it will work in. You have to take into account water depths, wind and wave action, earthquake possibilities and other factors. This is why a platform built for the relatively calm Gulf will be different from one built for the fierce North Sea.

Our next step was to tow the steel structures out into the Gulf. We then sank them in place in 235 feet of water, and anchored them with pilings driven into the seafloor.

Then we added the platform decks. These included the crew's quarters as well as facilities for producing the oil.

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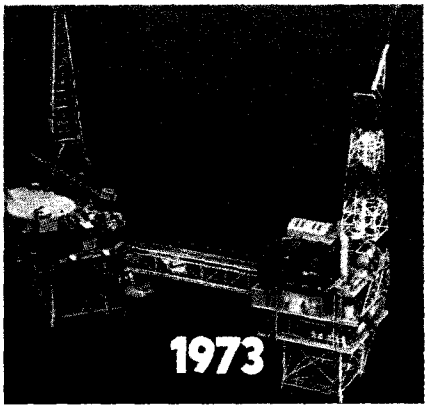
oil to you.



Production drilling. When everything was shipshape on the platform in early 1973, we began to drill the first production well that would actually bring the oil to the surface. We drilled four wells in 1973, and seven more in 1974.

The wells are drilled straight down for a few hundred feet, then slanted away from the platform base. This greatly increases the area that can be tapped from one platform.

Frequently, we use several platforms in developing an oil field. These platforms, like the individual wells, must be placed carefully to insure that the oil is recovered as efficiently as possible.

Underwater pipelaying. While the platform crew was drilling the production wells, bargemen and welders were busy laying the underwater pipeline that would take the oil from the platform to shore.

Aboard a pipelaying barge, coated sections of pipe move along a track and are welded together. Then the welds are inspected by X ray. The joints are also given a protective coating and the continuous pipe is slipped down onto the seafloor.

To get the oil to shore from our new producing platform, we simply had to lay a section of pipeline that linked our platform with a main pipeline nearby. If this main artery had not existed, and we had to lay one, then the entire pipelaying job might have taken several months. As it was, we did it in one month.

Refining and delivering to you. The crude oil that started coming to shore this year from our production platform in the Gulf was carried by another pipeline to a nearby Exxon refinery.

Gasoline made from this crude was shipped to Exxon service stations through product pipelines and by tank trucks.

And the gasoline you're filling up with today may have come from that field we started looking for eight years ago.

U.S. offshore oil now supplies 11% of America's needs. Within ten years it will have to supply considerably more.

This is why Exxon is looking today for the oil you'll be needing in the 1980's.

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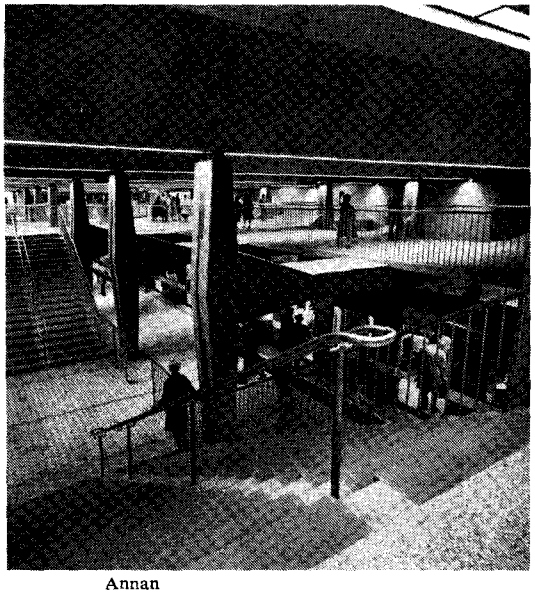
nity's police force because he was in charge of the largest forces to be included in the amalgamation. But Drapeau's appointee, Jean-Jacques Saulnier, was a poor choice. He had had friendly relations with shady characters of the underworld from the days in the early Sixties when he was in charge of the police morality squad. Shortly before he left that post, Saulnier had received a color television set offered by a hotelkeeper over whose activities he had been expected to exercise strict supervision. (He kept the set for two months at his home.) The Quebec Police Commission was called upon to inquire into this appointment. It concluded that Drapeau's appointee was incompetent for the position of police chief. Saulnier had to go on an indefinite leave of absence while Quebec's minister of justice, Jérôme Choquette—no friend of Drapeau's—appointed a man of his choice to head the police force. About the same time, Choquette launched an elaborate inquiry into organized crime in Montreal and the province. Drapeau could only remark that Montreal was a clean city and that the inquiry would lead nowhere. The inquiry has already produced abundant evidence that illegal gambling and loansharking have been highly prosperous in Montreal. But these are subjects in which Drapeau shows little interest nowadays.



Annan

Montreal Metro—A new subway system was opened a few days before Expo '67.

When Drapeau was touring the province of Quebec as an apostle of reform during his first term as mayor of Montreal, one of his favorite themes used to be national unity. A disciple of the Quebec-centered French-Canadian Nationalist school, he proclaimed that French-Canadians form a nation and that unless Canada were reorganized as an equal partnership between its two constituent nations, he would not bet much on its future. Following upon some ideas originated by the same school of thought, a new political movement advocating outright separation of Quebec from Canada has grown since 1960. It has its most important roots in the city of Montreal. In Montreal itself, relations between francophones and anglophones have shown little improvement. Montreal has been the scene of several wild demonstrations and riots during the last decade. But Drapeau himself has remained silent in the great debate over the future of Quebec that has dominated the last 10 years. He once said that faced with three choices—conventional federalism, a new confederation based upon an equal partnership between the two founding nations, and outright separatism—Quebec would most likely choose between the last two options. But that was before Expo '67 and the big boost that Drapeau then received from the rest of Canada. Since his memorable reply to General de Gaulle's *"Vive le Québec Libre"* on July 21, 1967, Drapeau seems to have concluded that Quebec's best interest lies in remaining within the Canadian federation. But he has carefully kept his thoughts to himself, avoiding any involvement in federal or provincial politics.

His critics like to describe Drapeau as a despot. A lot of truth is in that judgment. A man who has installed himself as the sole leader of a party that has never held a single meeting in public, who tolerates no other members in his party but the candidates for municipal office whom he appoints himself, who forbids his associates to utter any criticism of the party or its leader in public, who has complete and exclusive control over the finances and program of his party—such a man can hardly be described as a democrat.

Drapeau would reply that he is as good a democrat as anyone else but that he interprets democracy differently. Somewhat like de Gaulle, Drapeau sees democracy as a direct dialogue between the *chef* and the people. As much as he now avoids pressure groups and intermediaries of all kinds, he attaches supreme importance to any direct contact that he can have with the people at large, and toward this end he prefers television and radio to any other medium. He dislikes cliques and coteries and can fairly be said to belong to none. He relishes nothing else so much as addressing himself to the population of Montreal above the heads of the press and his critics. He excels in that role and has often succeeded in reversing trends that had seemed to be running invincibly against him. A conservative at heart, Drapeau has an instinctive dislike for everything that smacks of class struggle and social conflict. He once said that he was appointed by the vote of the whole population to produce concrete results. He considers that nothing interests the voters except finished products, regardless of the way in which they were manufactured.

After prolonged discussions about Drapeau, his critics often ask themselves: "But what makes him click if he is as bad as we claim?" To this question there can be many answers. To some people, Drapeau is a conservative who had sensed long before it became fashionable the revolt of the silent majority against changes that were prematurely imposed upon it in the last decade. Drapeau is actually the prototype of the articulate conservative politician who caters essentially to the hopes, prejudices, and ambitions of a middle class that looms so large in his mind as to include all other classes of citizens. Others explain Drapeau's success by sheer hard work and determination. Drapeau simply works harder and longer than any of his colleagues or critics, and is actually brighter and faster than most. He has a better mastery of problems, a wider range of contacts, and an inexhaustible repertory of ideas and solutions. The man who can go to sleep as late as he does and be back to work as early is probably not yet born. I perceive Drapeau as a dedicated politician who has become so identified with his city that he has no other interest at heart. He is basically an aristocrat who loves the people but has complete disdain for the slow and often painful processes of democracy. He mistakes the superficial communion that he has with the people at large with democracy itself. That he should have been unchallenged for such a long time in a city that prides itself upon its tradition of ideological and cultural pluralism is a sign that democracy progresses very slowly and must be continually reconquered—even in those places where it seems to have planted solid roots. □

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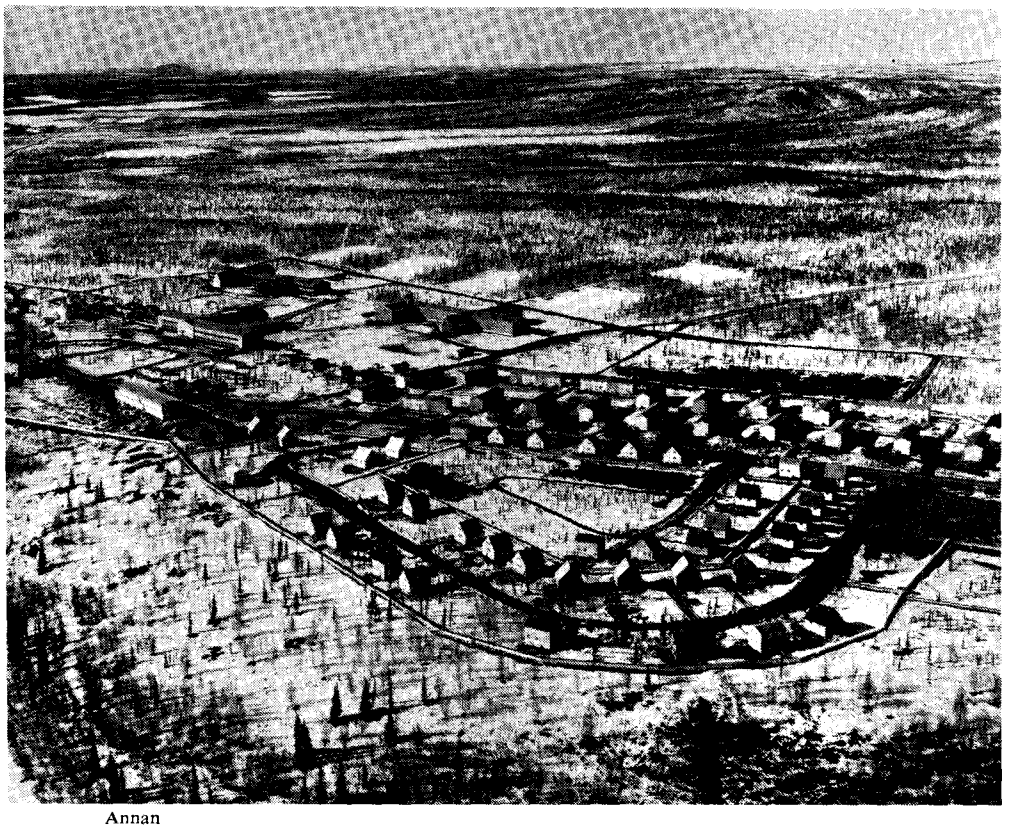

Annan

Inuvik in winter—Advanced supply base, airline hub, center of agitation.

Burning Issue at 60 Below

Out of the Canadian Northland comes a cry of outrage from the Eskimos and Indians whose land and culture are being despoiled in the race for riches.

by Robert Trumbull

Boxlike cottages painted bright red, blue, and green relieve the drab monotony of the bare landscape of Inuvik, giving an incongruous Mediterranean touch to this raw Canadian frontier town of some 4,000 people—mostly Eskimos—125 miles north of the Arctic Circle. Except for allowing a choice of color schemes for houses, Inuvik's demanding environment limits individuality in the life-style of the residents of the largest settlement in the Canadian Arctic. Because temperatures often fall to 60 degrees below zero in the long, dark winter, houses are built to keep out the cold, and people tend to stay in them as much as possible until the brief, bright summer, when temperatures of 70 above zero or higher are common. The buildings are on stilts to prevent the heat in the structures from melting the permafrost, which underlies the stark countryside to depths of up to 1,000 feet; for the same reason, sewage and general utility services in Inuvik are carried from building to building through a serpentine arrangement of insulated metal housings, called a "utilidor," above ground.

A large Roman Catholic church, built to look like a huge igloo, the Eskimo snowhouse, sits in the center of the business area—three hotels with roaring bars, a movie theater, a pool hall, and a dozen shops. This edifice is the town's trademark, photographed by summer tourists in the light of the midnight sun. Trucks going to and from the port area on the east fork of the Mackenzie River sweep clouds of dust across the frames of rough wooden boards that serve as sidewalks. "The streets are paved nine months a year," said Dick Hill, the director of the government's research laboratory. "With ice."

In winter the scene changes. Some residents welcome the ice and snow, because it is easier to get around the countryside by snowmobile, which then can ignore roads. Others suffer a severe mental depression, attributed to confinement and a virtual 24-hour night, called "cabin fever." The townspeople also tell of "whiteouts," fine, wind-driven snows that blank out the world; in such conditions, people have frozen to death though they were within a few feet of shelter.

In spite of its smallness and remoteness—to say nothing of the harsh environment—Inuvik is an important place for Canada. Besides being the seat of government and the service center for numerous sequestered villages and hamlets in a 240,000-square-mile subdivision of the vast, federally administered Northwest Territories, the town is an advanced supply base for the big international oil companies exploring for the fabulous riches of oil and natural gas known to lie beneath the Arctic wastes. Because of these activities, the 6,000-foot paved airstrip outside the town is used regularly by 14 air services, including helicopter and charter lines as well as scheduled jets. For the same reasons, Inuvik—appropriately, the name means "place of man" in the Eskimo language—has become a center of determined agitation by organized Eskimos and Indians for official recognition of their long-standing claim to legal ownership of huge areas of potentially rich wilderness in the Northwest Territories.

The native peoples have watched with growing concern as white men have scarred the landscape with bulldozers, frightening the caribou and foxes, and built oil rigs on man-made islands of ice in the Arctic Ocean, driving away the small white whales, which Eskimos prize for meat. White environmentalists have assisted the Eskimo and Indian leaders in drawing up petitions, backed with surveys, against the despoliation of the surroundings. This alliance has led to the revision of an old joke that the average Eskimo or Indian family consists of husband, wife, three children, and an anthropologist. "Now it's an environmentalist," said a white official.

Former foreign correspondent for The New York Times *in Asia and the South Pacific, Robert Trumbull is now chief of the* Times's *Ottawa bureau.*

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"The Arctic is a fragile place," said Sam Raddi, a soft-spoken, 43-year-old Eskimo. He had trapped snowy-haired foxes on his native Banks Island and shot white whales from a canoe in the frigid waters of the Beaufort Sea before he became a member of the government's economic-development council and a leader of an Eskimo-rights movement in Inuvik, the Committee for Original People's Entitlement (COPE). What happens when the sensitive permafrost is disturbed by man, even slightly, can be seen at the town cemetery, where the graves keep tilting and sinking as the spongy soil shifts.

ON THE OUTSKIRTS of the town, the ugly detritus of rapid industrialization—abandoned machinery, broken crates, old oil drums—litters the fields of struggling grass dotted with the white puffballs of a plant known as "Arctic cotton." "There's no way to get rid of the junk, since you can't bury it," said Tom Butters, publisher of *The Drum,* the weekly newspaper of the region. "It's getting to be a big problem in the Arctic. Lucky it's covered with snow nine months of the year."

Besides deploring the despoliation of the once-pristine landscape on aesthetic and scientific grounds, the Eskimos view the intrusion as the final threat to their vanishing hunting-trapping-fishing way of life. In a report about Eskimo conditions, COPE lamented:

> Now the white man is everywhere, with his machines and garbage and destruction. No matter how far your trapline is from town, bulldozers may run over your traps. No matter how far your bush camp is from town, you might have an exploration crew staging their equipment there. Lakes are blasted, and the fish and muskrats are killed. Creeks are blocked, and the fish don't run. Maybe the noise and fumes of the bulldozers will scare away the caribou and the foxes. . . . The native people are threatened in a way that they have never been before.

Half a dozen Indian and Eskimo groups have formed the Federation of Natives North of 60 to present to the government a united front concerning land issues. ("North of 60" is what Canadians call the huge area of wilderness and more than 100,000 lakes beginning at the sixtieth parallel, which forms the northern boundary of the 10 provinces except for tips of Quebec and Newfoundland that jut across the line.) The 7,000 or so Indians in the Northwest Territories, an area of 1.3 million square miles, or a third of the country, are demanding title to a 450,000-square-mile chunk of potentially rich wasteland. The country's 17,000 Eskimos, mostly in the Northwest Territories, and about 6,000 Indians in the Yukon Territory are still working out the extent of their claims.

Native land agitation in the north parallels similar demands by Indians all across Canada. The tribes have won some preliminary victories. Recently, the Ontario government handed over 97 acres on Batchawana Bay, near Sault Sainte Marie, to be divided among the 41 Ojibwa families claiming it. After armed Ojibwa militants had occupied a 14-acre park for 28 days in the resort town of Kenora, Ontario, the authorities agreed to negotiate the Indians' claim to the site. Planners of an urban expansion for the town of Haines Junction, Yukon Territory, agreed to bypass an Indian village in the project area when the affected tribe protested that the program would overrun needed agricultural land. A justice of the Northwest Territories Supreme Court ruled that Indians were entitled to have their views heard in upcoming deliberations concerning the controversial $6 billion proposal for a pipeline that would carry Alaskan gas 2,400 miles through Canada to the American Midwest, crossing Indian lands in the Mackenzie Valley of the Northwest Territories.

OFFICIAL RESISTANCE to the native land claims has weakened under the impact of a $962.5 million appropriation by the U.S. Congress in 1971 to settle similar claims in Alaska, especially after some of the money had been paid to Eskimos and Indians in Canada. (A celebration following an $800 payment this year to a family in Aklavik, an Eskimo and Indian hamlet in the Northwest Territories, led to a drunken shootout in which two teenaged boys—one Eskimo, one Indian—and a 65-year-old Catholic priest were killed and a Mountie was severely wounded.) The organization of Indians in the Northwest Territories has rejected in advance any idea of a money settlement like the Alaska land-claims deal, insisting on permanent ownership and some kind of revenue sharing. Meanwhile the government, worried by rising tensions over land, not only has announced its willingness to negotiate the issue but also has allotted funds to the various native organizations to pay for the research to back up their claims.

Common concern over land and en-

Syndication International

Eskimo baby—"The white man is everywhere . . . with his garbage."

Eskimo and pelts—"Final threat to the hunting-trapping-fishing way of life."
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vironmental problems has helped the 261,000 or so native people of Canada—slightly over 1 percent of the population—in their struggle to reassert their cultural identity after a long period of harsh oppression or unthinking neglect by their white countrymen. A picturesque offshoot of the movement in the far north has been the annual staging, since 1970, of a kind of Arctic olympics called the Northern Games. "The idea of the Northern Games came out of realizing that sporting competitions in the north included only southern sports," said an official of this year's event, held in the bleak Eskimo hamlet of Tuktoyaktuk, 60 miles north of Inuvik on a windswept inlet of the cold Beaufort Sea. According to the official games program, the Eskimo name of the place refers to an offshore rock formation that is visible at low tide and means "it looks like a caribou." Old hands shorten the name to Tuk, which rhymes with *pluck*.

THE BRIEF HISTORY of Tuk tells the whole story of how the Canadian Eskimo was urbanized in one generation: A once-nomadic people, living in igloos and policing far-flung traplines by dogsled, have been converted into village-dwellers who live in houses and travel by snowmobile. The settlement started in 1934 as the northern supply point of the Hudson's Bay Company, which chose the site because the natural harbor, situated at the mouth of the great Mackenzie River, is the most suitable place for transshipping cargo from river craft to ocean vessels, an increasingly important service with the ever-growing oil explorations in the Beaufort Sea and on Arctic islands. Anglican and Roman Catholic missions followed soon after the company, and a school was started not much later. The presence of both Hudson's Bay, which bought the Eskimos' furs, and the school was an attraction for moving to Tuk—a trend encouraged by the missionaries, because it was convenient to have the parish consolidated. Then, in 1955, the construction of a Distant Early Warning—or DEW-Line—radar surveillance station for joint U.S.-Canadian air defense at Tuk lured more Eskimos off the trapline to take jobs. More work was provided by numerous commercial enterprises serving the Arctic, such as the Northern Transportation Company, which operates the ships. With its present permanent population listed in government handbooks as 585, Tuk is a fair-sized town by Canadian Arctic standards, big enough to warrant plane service from Inuvik five times a week.

The growth of numerous settlements like Tuk, encouraged by the government for convenience in furnishing centralized health and educational services, has eroded traditional Eskimo life. "None of the young Eskimos know anything about trapping these days," said my Eskimo friend Sam Raddi. (According to the government, 95 percent of school-age Eskimos are in school; well-informed private sources put the figure even higher.) The transition to town life has been accompanied by alcoholism of catastrophic proportions. The suicide rate has tripled in the last 15 years. Increasing violence, family disruption, and mental breakdowns, all related to alcohol abuse more often than not, have become a cause of grave concern to the government as well as to the churches.

Eskimos old enough to have experienced the traditional hunting-trapping-fishing existence recall the old days "with mixed feelings," according to the COPE report about Eskimo life today, mentioned earlier. The report says of the old days:

> People worked hard. Life wasn't easy, and it wasn't always secure. Poverty and disease touched everyone's lives at one time or another. . . . There were few conveniences, less comfortable housing, and inadequate medical care, but also more pride and independence and better family and community life. . . . [But] those days are gone, however people remember them.

The Northern Games were conceived in 1969 as one way of keeping some of the old skills alive. Instead of the usual events, competitions are in harpoon-throwing, duck-plucking, fish-cutting, skinning seals and muskrats, and such indigenous village games as the knuckle hop, in which contestants do a broad jump on toes and knuckles, and lifting weights by a cord looped around one ear. In the blanket toss, an event for both men and women, contestants see who can be hurled the highest from a blanket of skins held like a fireman's net by a ring of men. Traditional dress and handicrafts are judged as well as skills in dancing, drumming, and fiddle-playing.

The glamor event in the three-day competition is the contest for the title of "Good Woman of the Year." The participants vie in the accomplishments that are considered the woman's contribution to "family and community," an

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official explained. The winner is whoever accumulates the most points in skinning seals and muskrats (neatness is judged as well as speed), boiling tea (the contestants start by gathering the firewood), sewing mittens and duffel bags, and baking bannock—unleavened bread, an Arctic staple—in a pan (taste counts more than speed). "The Good Woman competition is our equivalent of the beauty contest," said a games official. The games record for skinning, cleaning, and stretching a sealskin is 22 minutes.

HIGH PRICES for furs, so that incomes of $20,000 to $30,000 a season are not uncommon among Eskimo and Indian trappers this year, contributed to the success of the 1974 Northern Games. Light charter planes converged on Tuk from all directions, bringing some 250 competitors and about 300 spectators from more than 20 Arctic communities, including Fairbanks, Alaska. The visitors stayed in a tent village overlooking the dun-colored Beaufort Sea, where vendors sold muktuk—raw whale meat, an Eskimo delicacy—like hot dogs at Shea Stadium. After the serious daily competitions, impromptu dancing to the rhythm of caribou-hide drums beaten with whalebone drumsticks continued under the midnight sun. The merrymaking was part of the idea of the games. "Preserving the valued customs of the past by joining together in a time of good fun and friendly social exchange is one of the important ways of preparing for a future when native northerners will play leading roles in the development of their own land," the official program read.

Tuk is famous in the north for two things: its annual roundup of the white beluga whales, which are said to produce the best muktuk, and pingos. Pingos are small, conical hills found nowhere else in America; they resemble miniature volcanoes, even to a craterlike depression on top. Rising from a mere bump to more than 100 feet, they are created when water under subterranean pressure pushes the earth into a mound and freezes inside. Not long ago some people in Tuk transformed a pingo into a huge natural deepfreeze for the whole settlement by hollowing out a cave in the underground ice, where they store caribou meat and other perishables. "It's another case of northerners using their environment beneficially," said Stuart M. Hodgson, the six-foot, five-inch commissioner of the Northwest Territories, in his last annual report to Ottawa. □

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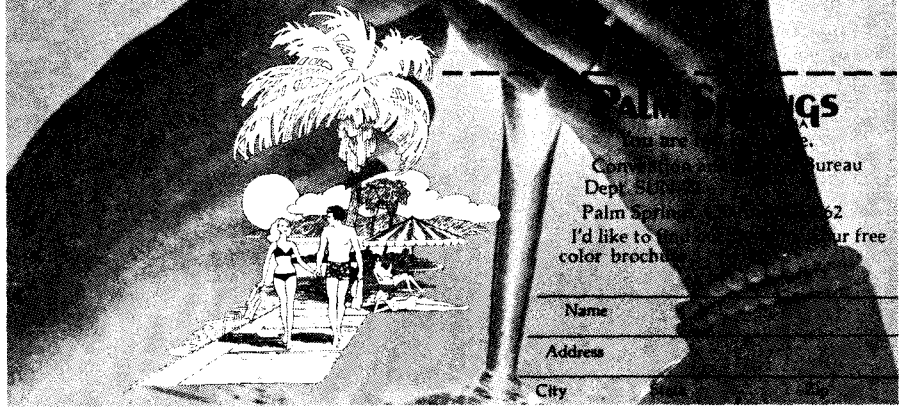

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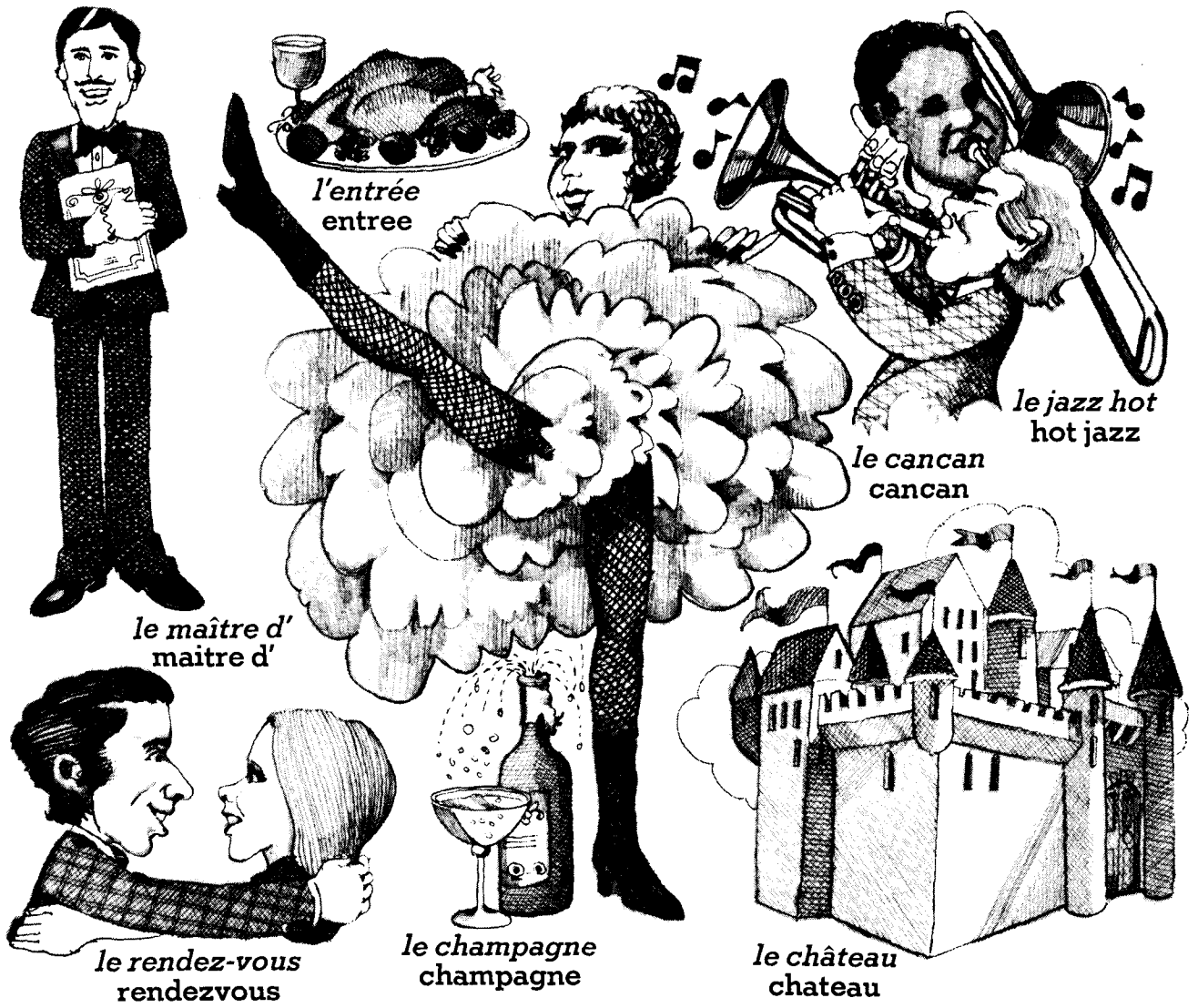

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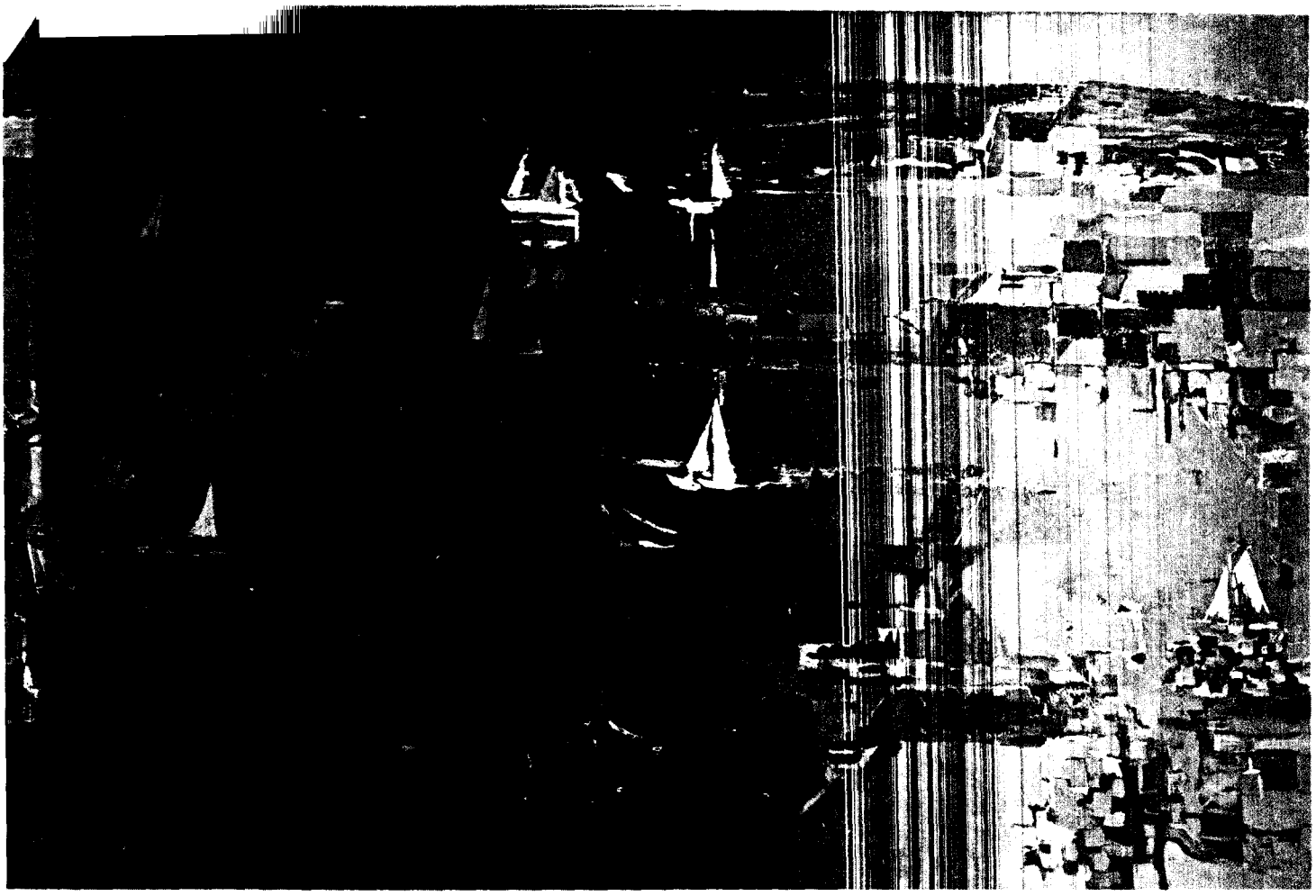

Painting: *Island Passage* by John Korner.*

Vancouver—"Where else could you walk from snow to seashells at low tide within the limits of a cosmopolitan city."

From the Prairies to the Pacific

Oil and gas, wheat and cattle, Rocky Mountains, coastal cities—somewhere in the vast dimensions of the west may lie the key to the Canadian future.

by Frank Riley

For 11 hours on a recent Sunday we walked through a city that has been compared with San Francisco and Rio de Janeiro but that quickly transcends all comparisons.

Where else but in Vancouver could you walk from snow to seashells at low tide within the limits of a cosmopolitan city? Or along the way ramble through an Indian reservation, an enclave of contemporary poets, microcosms of England, China, Japan, Italy, Germany, the Arctic, and the East Indies?

A tour through Canada's third-largest city is really more than seeing the sights in any one city. It is a cut across the grain of the evolving Canadian west. Such a walk, coming as it did near the end of our trek along many personal trails from Alberta's prairies to the Pacific Ocean, helped to shape a slowly growing awareness of what the west means to Canada, what it is, has been, and may very well become, the best and the worst of its possible futures.

To George Woodcock, often described as Canada's leading man of letters, the skyline of Vancouver, serrated by only three high-rise buildings when he first came here 25 years ago, is part of the Americanization of Canada, a development pattern he considers a disaster.

Yet some of the new high rises become their own art forms, especially when seen in silhouette against the city's Grouse Mountain, which the snows of a new winter will soon crest.

MARGARET ATWOOD looks at an interior skyline in *Survival*, a book that has become a best-seller in Canada this year despite its heavy subtitle: *A Thematic Guide to Canadian Literature*. "Where is here?" she asks. Canada, particularly the western provinces, is an unknown territory to many Canadians as well as to Americans. "I'm not talking," she continues, "about the part you may have explored—as the travel folders have it

A newspaper columnist and an associate editor of Los Angeles Magazine, *Frank Riley has been a frequent contributor to* SR/W.

**Four Decades: The Canadian Group of Painters and Their Contemporaries*, by Paul Duval, published by Clarke, Irwin of Toronto, Canada, is available through Books Canada, Inc., 35 East 67th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021.

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—The Great Land of Ours. I'm talking about Canada as a state of mind, as the place you inhabit not just with your body but with your head. It's that kind of space in which we find ourselves lost."

The wonder of it is that the writers to whom we are introduced by Margaret Atwood not only have found themselves but also are managing to create a uniquely Canadian literature. Long before we came to Vancouver, *Survival* helped us to keep from getting lost within the vastness and the many dimensions of western Canada. Somehow, the diverse byways we followed did begin to weave together.

A VISITOR from the United States needs such a guide. Americans have almost a genetic inclination to perpetuate something of the image Edmund Wilson had in his youth of Canada "as a kind of vast hunting preserve convenient to the United States." George Woodcock would undoubtedly point out that Canada has remained a convenient hunting preserve for U.S. corporations and individuals seeking tax shelters, inflation hedges, raw materials, and new markets.

Most of all, Margaret Atwood's book prepared us to be open to the unexpected and to assimilate it. This process of encounter and assimilation began in Calgary, Canada's oil and natural-gas capital, incongruously located in the heart of Alberta's wheatlands and cattle ranches. So many American oil-company employees are in this city of 400,000 that the U.S. State Department has found it necessary to open a consulate here. Thirteen major oil companies and 400 satellite firms include Texaco, Union, Mobile, Gulf, Shell.

When Calgary celebrates its centennial in 1975, it will have a nearly completed convention center with 227,000 feet of air-conditioned space. From the Panorama Room, a revolving restaurant atop 626-foot Calgary Tower, refineries and derricks rise surrealistically within a breathtaking vista that spans prairies and mountains. At ground level Tower Inn is an authentic Olde English Pub. Still within the tower complex are the Bourbon Street night club and the French Quarter mall café. Adjacent Hollister Square offers shoppers English porcelain, East India brassware, French pastries, Cuban cigars, an opportunity to "go mod in wild contemporary threads" or to be western in cowboy duds and the Calgary white hat.

Peripheral to all this is a place you may well feel could be saved for some

Newspapering With Ma

At 87, Margaret ("Ma") Murray rarely misses the 8 A.M. CBC News. The goings-on in Canadian and world politics make her mad enough to build up a head of steam for getting down to work on her own nationally quoted column for the *Lilloett-Bridge River News*, circulation 2,500 weekly in the Cariboo country of British Columbia.

But she's been a bit under the weather and was still abed at 8:20 A.M. one recent Monday when Dave Barrett, British Columbia's controversial Social Credit party premier, stopped by to pay his respects. He tweaked the coverlet until Ma woke up. The following dialogue, according to Ma's daughter Georgina, took place:

"How are ya, Ma?" Barrett boomed. "I hear you've been laid up. I had to come and see for myself."

"There's nothing the matter with me except my legs," said Ma, groping for her glasses. Then, "Migawd, it's Dave Barrett, and my face not even washed."

"No time, Ma. No time. Just came by to see how you were."

"How I am? How are you?"

"You tell me, Ma. How'm I doing?"

"Now you mention it—you're a nice kid, but you're a stupid young ass. Too much, too fast, and too dangerous is what your legislation is. God forgive me for saying so, but you might last longer if you took smaller bites. . . ."

Barrett kissed her cheek and bounded on his way. He knew what to expect when he asked the question. Ma takes him apart every week in her column, just as she has bullwhipped a generation of provincial and national leaders in quotable commentaries always salted with mule-skinner language, always ending with "and that's for damnsure." She sold the paper last year but still writes a column.

I phoned the other day to ask how things were going.

"As good as they can when your legs get to be 87," she answered tartly. "If my legs hadn't started to get old, I'd still be publishing the paper."

How's the new publisher doing?

"He's one of them New Canadians from Holland. Dem Beisen. He's doing O.K., except that he's got a sense of humor like a cow with a crutch."

A few days before my call, CBC had asked her to do a network interview.

"They keep thinkin' I know all about Women's Lib or such stuff," Ma said.

She told the national network audience:

"You better believe we're in one helluva mess. And we're going to stay in a mess until you get off your butts."

In spite of Dave Barrett's visit and his kiss on her cheek, Ma Murray is particularly keen to get enough British Columbians off their butts to throw the Social Credit party out of office. "Relief and welfare!" she storms. "Migawd, migawd! The budget was supposed to be $250 million this year. Already it's $350 million!"

I first met Ma back in 1967, when she was a young chick of 80. It was past midnight, and we were in a catacomb of the Vancouver Press Club, then located under the elegant Georgia Hotel. Ma sat beneath a framed front-page picture of Winston Churchill, downed her third Singapore Sling, and got out her bullwhip. Her issue at that time was Expo '67.

"Expo!" she snorted. "That's like uncorking a bottle of damn good whiskey and turning it upside down in the sand. All the booze runs out in one place."

"Expo!" she snorted again, turning around and glaring at the prize-winning *Vancouver Sun* headline announcing the death of Churchill. "That's just like it says right here: Blood, toil, sweat—and now our tears. With all the money the rest of the country needs pouring into one place, there are sure as hell going to be some tears in the Cariboo this summer."

Ma Murray came to the Cariboo from Kansas 62 years ago.

"They grow 'em tough in Kansas," she told me the other day. "I'm younger than my legs, and I'm going to keep chipping away at those drag asses in Victoria and Ottawa. . . . Now, you come by again, instead of telephoning. I'll be here, that's for damnsure. . . ."

And for damnsure, I hope she will always be there in Lilloett. Ma Murray can kiss you good-bye and press the back of your hand to her cheek as unforgettably as she can cuss you out.

F.R.

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future visit. Called the Horseman's Hall of Fame, it survives largely under the sponsorship of a local brewery. Don't make the mistake of passing it up. What started out as a tribute to horsemen has become the culture story of western Canada, turned into a sensory experience by an extraordinary young woman. Hazel O'Brien, who was breaking into the Los Angeles art scene in the early Sixties, has moved into the Horseman's Hall of Fame as de facto artist-in-residence. Her arrangements, sculpture, and impressionistic and realist paintings are creating a rare kind of museum. Old photographs and paintings of life on the prairies are reincarnated with sculptured figures into full-dimensional scenes astonishing in their realism.

But as the story unfolds at Horseman's Hall, we don't find the same mythos of violence that was indigenous to, and imposed upon, the American West. At first the lawlessness of the whiskey trader, the free life of the trapper and buffalo hunter, prevailed, but then the Ottawa government created and sent west a red-coated military unit to establish a rule of law before the serious settlers arrived. Calgary was born when a contingent of Northwest Mounted Police set up camp near the confluence of the Bow and Elbow rivers in 1875. After the Canadian Pacific Railway had inched up to the town of 600 in 1883 and free homesteads had been offered to settlers, a ranching industry grew up without a folklore of gunslingers. As Canadian tourist literature assures the western traveler today: "There is no need to carry a gun for your protection; our highways are well policed."

THE CALGARY STAMPEDE during the first two weeks of each July was first launched in 1912 and has probably become what it claims to be—"the greatest outdoor show on earth." Events offer competition in matches ranging from wild-cow milking to buffalo riding—but no search for the fastest gun in the west.

On the way from Waterton to Banff, we stopped at High River, Alberta, a small community that has decided to master plan its future, rather than let it be "directed solely by outside forces." The plan establishes "major desires" and "lesser desires." The major desires are that the town's friendliness be retained and reinforced, that "peace and quiet and freedom from most kinds of pollution" be maintained, that "the trees, the river and streams, the open space, the mountain views and the chinooks," be preserved. However, it is recognized that outside forces may continue to control the chinooks, winds that sometimes blow warm air from the sea all the way over the Rockies to mellow a bitter winter. High River's "lesser desires" include a good motel or hotel, a restaurant, and maybe a cabaret night spot to brighten the dark winter. Patrick Anderson may have left a small place for High River in his "Poem on Canada," quoted in *Survival:* "I am the wind that wants a flag/I am the mirror of your picture."

Winter is now about to move in on the autumnal picture of Banff and Lake Louise, stripping of credibility the statistic that 3.5 million people visited this past summer in Banff National Park. The statistic seemed unreal even in midsummer. One can't be overwhelmed here by the crowds or the commerce of tourism. Banff townsite may be jumping on a Saturday night, from Bow River and Buffalo Street to Tunnel Mountain Campground Theater, but the action is effectively contained in 2,500 square miles of forests and lakes, crags and spires of iced rock and snow carved against a blue sky.

BANFF NATIONAL PARK has always proved able to calm the impact of nature and the spirit of people who have come to enjoy or exploit it. The mountains have a calming effect on the beholder. When Banff townsite was known only as Canadian Pacific Railroad siding 29, a few shacks and tents at the foot of Cascade Mountain, Old Man Goss ran a saloon on Whiskey Creek that was oddly free of Saturday-night brawling.

The C.P.R.'s William Cornelius Van Horne, known as the toughest and ablest railroad man of his era, came to Banff late in the last century without inordinate gentility in his soul. Described by Banff writer Bart Robinson as a man of "Brobdingnagian hulk," he had as his philosophical creed "I eat all I can, I drink all I can, and I don't give a damn for anyone." His instinctive reaction to the Canadian Rockies was to "capitalize the scenery." To do so, he built a string of luxurious mountain hotels that somehow did no violence to the aesthetics of the Rockies.

For the building of what was to be the C.P.R.'s grandest hotel of all, at the confluence of the Bow and the Spray rivers near Banff village, something moved him to select as architect Bruce Price, the Bostonian who was father of Emily

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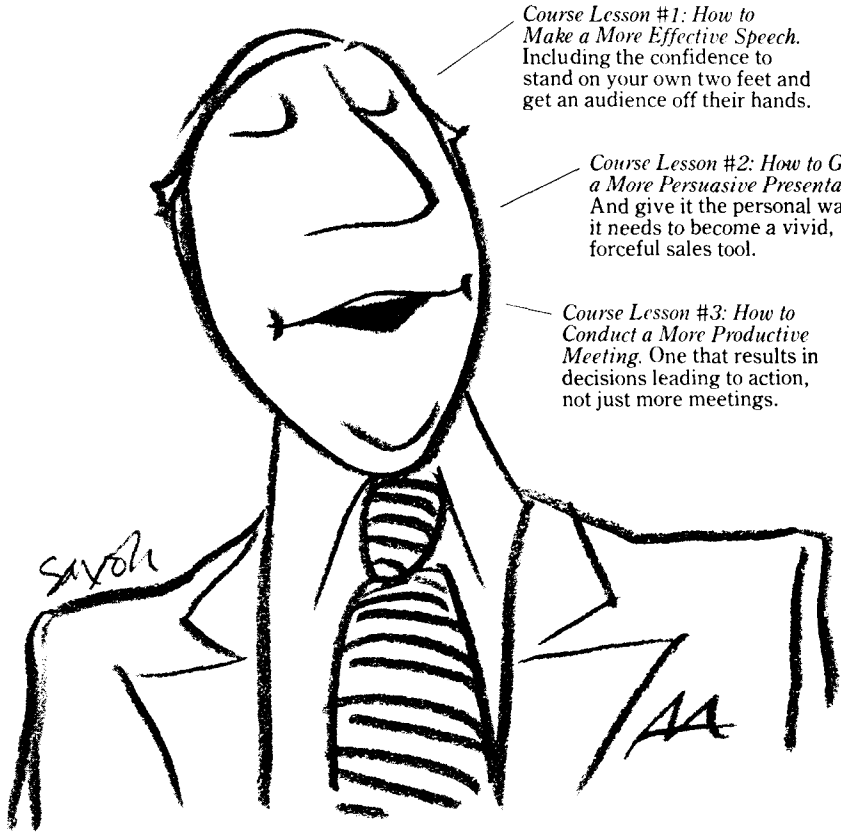
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Post. Price was at the time working toward harmonizing two schools of architecture: organicism, which maintained that a building should be an organic extension of environment; and beaux arts, which held that the best of the past could be made bigger and better with modern materials and technology. He found this unity for the harsh Canadian environment embodied in the sixteenth-century châteaus of the Loire in France.

Brobdingnagian William Cornelius Van Horne rumbled like an avalanche throughout the construction period but invariably exploded with sensitive suggestions to expand a view or capture a historical essence. The baronial cadences of Banff Springs Hotel were in time counterpointed by the more muted grace notes of the C.P.R.'s Château Lake Louise, and both are small parts of nature's greater composition.

Five years ago Banff Springs Hotel began to stay open during the winter so that it might take advantage of one of the longest ski seasons in North America. Château Lake Louise will begin its first winter operation in December, offering cross-country skiing and the nearby downhill runs, plus daily transport to the internationally known Sunshine Village and Mount Norquay ski areas. At Radium Hot Springs, just westward over the Rockies, the rigors of skiing are assuaged by the 480,000 gallons of hot mineral water that pour every day from the great Redwall Fault into tranquilizing pools. With this sort of introduction to the Kootenay Country of western British Columbia, the *Willkommen Zu* welcome to the Bavarian City of Kimberley becomes altogether plausible.

We discovered that Kimberley has only recently adopted its Bavarian facelift. When the new highway passed it by, the town decided that being a major producer of metals and fertilizers wasn't quite enough to detour a tourist. The facelift is surprisingly believable. With purposefulness that could be Germanic but isn't, the townspeople converted over 80 percent of the shopfronts to a Bavarian look in just eight months. The downtown part became a Platzl, with bubbling brook, band concerts, benches, and Alpine huts.

A Norwegian, Olaus Jeldness, introduced skiing to the Kootenay in 1896. Two Austrians, Leo Grillmeir and Hans Gmoser, have popularized helicopter skiing in the Bugaboos, not far from Kimberley. The three are, for the moment, footnotes to the story of Nancy Greene, youthful living legend for all the Kootenays. Nancy started skiing on Red Mountain in the West Kootenay region and went on to become 1967–69 World Champion and Olympic Gold Medalist. She has her own wing in the Rossland Historical Museum. British Columbia has almost as many Nancy Greene trails, streets, highways, and lakes as there are John F. Kennedy airports and schools.

The confluence of culture and geography was with us all along the Southern Trans-Canada Highway into the Okanagan. From cattle ranches and grain farms, we came over Anarchist Mountain and paused at the Lookout for a view of Osoyoos Lake. On one side of the lake was a long valley, green and golden with peach orchards—Canada's peach heartland. On the other side was the nation's only authentic desert, a vast pocket of aridness that has an average annual rainfall of only 8 inches. To explore it is to share sand, prickly pear cactus, and cloudless sky with white-tail jackrabbits, painted turtles, and pygmy horned toads.

The lake between desert and peach orchards was rippled by a sailboat. And at the head of the lake stood a Dutch windmill. Immigrant Robert Kuyten believes his windmill is entirely logical. He's proud to be a Canadian, prideful of his own cultural heritage. For 13 years he worked in a Cominco lead and zinc mine. His wife, Bonnie Jean, who came from Osoyoos, helped him save a considerable part of each paycheck. They went to the Netherlands in 1971 to learn how to build a windmill; it was to be their home and a place where the visitor could get a sense of what Dutch immigrants have contributed to western Canada. The windmill faithfully conforms to a set of 1816 blueprints. The copper kitchen utensils are over 100 years old. As soon as the grindstones arrive, the windmill will be able to grind grain. Bob, Bonnie Jean, and their two boys don't believe it will be any problem to live in a tourist attraction. They have a friend in the Kootenays who lives in a house built of embalming-fluid bottles, acquired from morticians all over the west. He has learned to live quite agreeably with a constant flow of visitors.

On Vancouver Island, Canada's most western reach into the Pacific, the Butchart family started the trend of living with visitors 70 years ago. They used their Portland Cement millions to fertilize one of the world's most visited gardens. Today it is a floral tribute to the diverse cultural origins still in the process of being homogenized into an answer to contemporary Canada's increasingly insistent question: Who am I? Rose gardens and an English terraced lawn are linked by woodland walks to a Japanese Torii, the Blue Poppy of Tibet, Martha Washington geraniums, and the hanging baskets of the Italian Garden.

In Victoria, between the titled gra-

(Continued on page 37.)

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Photo Trends

In the Wake of the Fur Traders

Canoes are having a revival, and you can paddle your own on the very routes used by Canada's explorers.

by Leland Day

Late one hot summer afternoon my daughter Leslie and I pitched our tent under the pole skeleton of a Cree hunter's campsite on northern Manitoba's short Walker River. The stream was part of a Hudson's Bay Company trade route used three centuries ago by Indian middlemen who bartered the beads, red cloth, axes, and knives that they obtained at York Factory on Hudson Bay for beaver pelts from Indians far to the west.

Two days previously we had halted a planned four-week 500-mile trip over historic Canadian fur-trade canoe routes north of Lake Winnipeg. Head winds and low water had cut our speed. We had to turn back 125 miles into the trip.

I had the tent up and the supper fire going when suddenly a feral growling and howling of wolves broke out just across the river. The land was their territory, and they were protesting our intrusion. The wolves scared us. We couldn't see them as they made elemental sounds. But the savage noises stopped 20 minutes later, and we did not hear the animals again.

It is not unusual for canoeists in Canada's north to be challenged by a call of the wild. Even so, canoeists are appearing again in increasing numbers—mostly environment-conscious persons, more travelers than hunters or fishermen. For canoeing is making its first comeback as a popular activity since it yielded in the United States to the bicycling craze of the 1880s and 1890s and to the sporty image of the first automobiles.

CANOEISTS TODAY can paddle much of the original mileage of these historic old routes, navigating by topographic maps, in their own craft or in H.B.C. rental canoes (aluminum 17-footers with three paddles, for $50 weekly) on a rent-it-at-this-post, leave-it-at-that-one basis. This H.B.C. option makes possible such runs as the Thelon River, between Yellowknife and Baker Lake in the Northwest Territories, and Ontario's Albany River, 650 miles from Lake Saint Joseph to Fort Albany on James Bay. The Manitoba Travel Office offers finely drawn canoe-route maps detailed with beautiful pen-and-ink sketches. Some outfitters will fly canoeists far in to headwater lakes, where they can paddle away down distant rivers that few whites have yet seen. The decade-old trend to lightweight camping gear and the introduction of ultra-lightweight freeze-dried foods have eased the burden for modern canoeists, who probably could not equal the voyageur's jogging a half-mile portage in 10 minutes with a 180-pound load on his back.

Leslie and I carried far less. Our wood-and-canvas canoe weighed 55 pounds. The nylon tent weighed five; the down sleeping bags, three pounds each. Our packs averaged 42 pounds fully loaded and included a two-and-one-half-week food supply. We mailed a similar amount of food ahead to Gods Lake Narrows, the halfway point on a circular route based on what was known to the fur trade as "the middle track." This route is described in Eric W. Morse's *Fur Trade Canoe Routes of Canada—Then and Now* (Queen's Printer, Ottawa, 1969).

RATHER THAN START at Norway House, we pushed off from the Highway 6 bridge over the Minago River 80 miles north of Grand Rapids, Manitoba. We planned that in four weeks time we would traverse Cross and Walker lakes to the Carrot River and Oxford Lake, moving on east via the Bayly Lake portage route to Gods Lake. We would come back across a chain of lakes to the south, connecting with the Hayes River, then the Echimamish River, and finally the Nelson River, which would return us to Cross Lake and the Minago.

But weeks of head winds blew our timetable to pieces, and with our food running low, we turned at the headwaters of the Carrot River to start wearily back for Cross Lake so that we could replenish our supplies and plan for another crack at the full trip in a future

Senior information officer for the city of Detroit, Leland Day is a free-lance writer with a predilection for the outdoors.

Tippy Canoe

In the late 1800s the canoe was a leisure status symbol in the United States. Canoe clubs held races and regattas and dances and parties. The clubs were predecessors of today's country clubs. In 1930, Eric Sevareid, then 17, and a friend, Walter Port, 19, made a sensational 2,250-mile canoe voyage from Minneapolis to York Factory. They passed through Winnipeg, Manitoba, and were welcomed by the Winnipeg Canoe Club. In his book *Canoeing With the Cree*, which was published in 1935 and was recently reissued by the Minnesota Historical Society, Sevareid wrote: "At the beautiful, spacious Canoe Club we were

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year. In the four weeks we were on the water, we learned to tent on solid granite, land on muskeg shorelines at full dusk without getting wet, and sleep in spite of the nightlong humming of countless mosquitoes searching for a way into the tent. One dawn I paddled out from an island campsite so that I might watch an aged Cree fisherman fill two tubs in his big, old cedar-and-canvas canoe with beautiful pike, walleye, and whitefish from his gill net. On a warm afternoon Leslie picked a quart of wild raspberries from a patch along a portage. But at times, Leslie—22 and just graduated from Mercy College in Detroit—turned herself in on the canoe and the packs and conversation with me. "It's so big out here that I can't stand to look at it any longer," she said once.

Leslie wanted a taste of a way of life less structured than that of an industrial metropolis, and she held up well under adverse developments. The Minago River at the start was low, and it took two days for us to reach deep water as we waded the first eight miles, pulling and sliding the canoe over a rocky bottom. Northern Manitoba then had a heat wave for nine days, and temperatures in the 80s and 90s joined the gusty head winds to slow our progress. In a veritable archipelago at the foot of Cross Lake, I blew one whole day's run by failing to orient the chart and hold to a compass course. We paddled in the lee of granite islands and then in rolling open water stretching to the horizon. We paddled early and late to escape the wind, napping during the blustery middle hours of the day.

and Snooty, Too

taken right into the family of more than a thousand members. . . . The evenings we spent lolling near the club dock, watching the young men and women swim and paddle or play golf and tennis or dance. . . ."

But elsewhere in the Canada of the Thirties—as well as for two or three centuries before—the canoe was the prime means of remote-area transportation on the extensive waterways in the vast undeveloped north. The canoe still is the major form of local transportation for the Indian towns and fishing villages, although only the vacationing amateur canoeists paddle there today. All Indians use outboard motors. L.D.

Upon reaching Cross Lake village, the longtime home of 2,200 Cree Indians, we were windbound for three days. Most of the economic activity of the village centered around the Hudson's Bay Company store. I hadn't expected a rough-hewn H.B.C. trading post, nor had I expected the combination grocery, dry goods, and furniture supermarket I found—with miniskirted Cree girls running the checkout cash registers. The village is not on a road, although a construction road to the Jenpeg dam on the Nelson now touches the far side of Cross Lake, and the Bay store is supplied by air and by barge from Norway House in summer. Heavyweight shipments are brought in aboard regular trucks over a winter road once the lakes have frozen over.

Many of the men in the village are fishermen, and the small wooden houses at Cross Lake stretch in a line along the shore up from the Cross Lake Roman Catholic Mission, a canoe drawn up in front of nearly every one. A maker of canoes lives in the village, which has a sawmill that supplies lumber. Some of the young men hold jobs on the Manitoba Hydro dam project on the Nelson, and the far-off purr of outboard motors at 4:30 in the morning announced their departure for work. In the village the nights were quiet, with nearly everyone turning in early and sleeping late in the morning. There were no offices to go to, no stop-and-go rush-hour expressway traffic to fight, no sense of an ever-present G.N.P. to increase.

But events are moving more swiftly in Canada's canoe country today than in the past. To the anguish of environmentalists and in the face of opposition from many Indian bands, industrial development is spreading in Canada's north. Manitoba Hydro is constructing seven dams on the Nelson to generate electric power and is planning others on the Churchill to divert much of its flow to the Nelson. Nelson River Crees are seeking to halt construction and to prevent flooding of reservation lands without the Indians' consent.

Change is now likely for the long-undisturbed and lonely reaches of Canadian canoe country. That was evident in a letter we received recently from the mission. "Things have changed quite a bit around here since you paddled away on that windy day in August," it said. "Cross Lake now has TV and telephone service . . . and almost every household has a TV set." □

How to Cook a Moose

Moose nose is cooked by cutting off the upper jawbone just below the eyes. Drop this jawbone in a kettle of water and boil it for about 30 minutes. Remove, cool, and skin it, taking the hairs and bristles and dark skin off. Now wash it well and place the skinned nose into a fresh kettle of water. . . . Cut the white and dark meat into thick slices and pack them into jars. Cover with the juice from boiling. This will jell when chilled, and it can be sliced and eaten like sandwich meat. Moose-nose strips also can be tossed in flour and fried like pre-cooked chicken and eaten hot.

After the nose is cooked and eaten, the heart and liver can be next. There are at least two good ways to cook the heart. . . . One way is to brown it in a little fat, season it with salt and pepper, and pot roast it for several hours or until tender. Another way is to slice it in strips, toss it in flour, and fry it until done. Don't overdo the frying, however.

Remove the membrane and tubes from the liver; then it can be sliced, tossed in flour, and fried in bacon grease until done. Keep liver on the rare side as it tends to get tough when overcooked. Make liver loaf by chopping browned liver very fine and incorporating it into your favorite meatloaf recipe.

Moose tongue is as big as beef tongue and just as good. In case you have never cut the tongue out of a moose, it is done by cutting a long slit between the lower jawbones, pulling the tongue down through the slit, and cutting it off as close to the base as is possible.

Cook it by boiling it until a fork will pierce it easily. . . . Slice thin and eat cold or fry it lightly.

Moose brains also can be cooked if you go to the trouble of sawing them out of the hard bone they are nested in. . . .

The odds and ends and the tougher cuts of your moose you will probably grind with about an equal amount of beef tallow to make mooseburger.

—From *How to Hunt a Moose*

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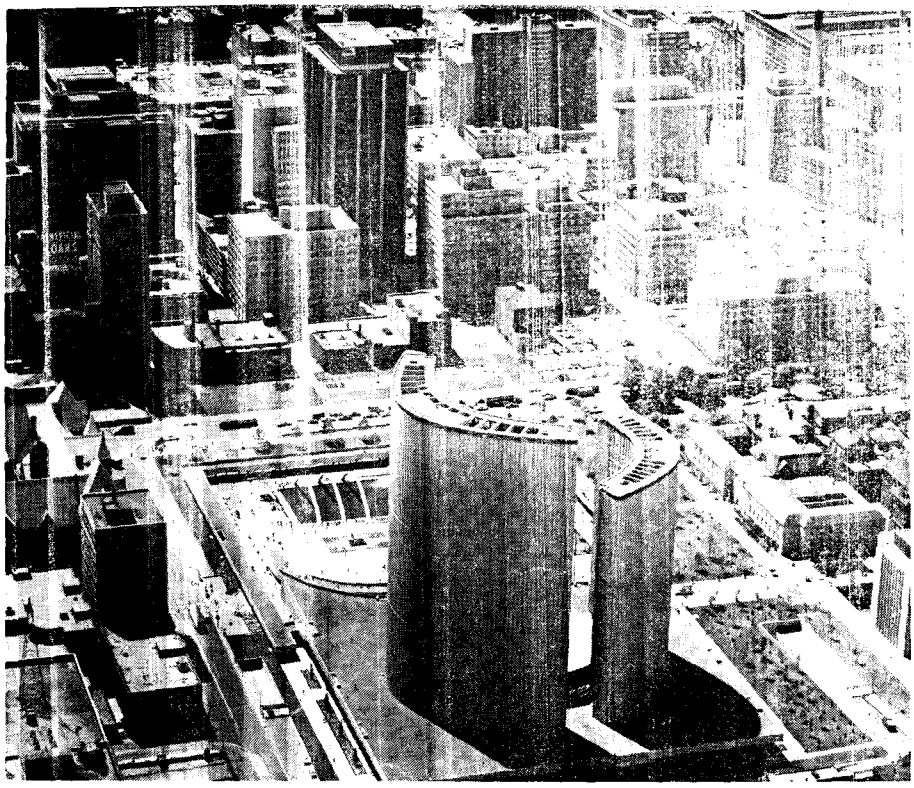

Toronto Skyline—"Over the Invisible Border, there once went rye whiskey . . ."

Two on the 55-Yard Line

No downfield blocking? Three downs for a first down? Look at what the Canadians have done to football!

by Dick Beddoes

A Canadian football fanatic, desiring the best seats in the stadium, will ask for "two on the 55-yard line." An American fan, unaware of the differences between the respective games, would mutter, "What's a 55-yard line?" Players from both countries experience scant difficulty in adjusting to the respective games, but the casual American witness would discover that the Canadian pronunciation—"hoos" for "house" and "oot" for "out"—is not the only cultural difference between the world's best neighbors.

The Canadian football field, for example, is a larger meadow than the little league American playpen—110 yards by 65 yards, as against the American dimensions of 100 yards by 53⅓ yards. Thus in Canada the 55-yard line is midfield. Also, 11 men are on each side in the American game, whereas 12 are allowed under the Canadian code; American rules allow four downs for making the necessary 10 yards to retain possession of the ball, but Canadian rules restrict a team to three downs to move the mandatory 10 yards; and kicking for single points is kosher in Canada but not recognized in the United States.

The consequences of the differences have been best explained by John Metras, who won All-American mention as a center at the University of Detroit in 1932. Metras migrated to the University of Western Ontario in London, Ontario, in 1935, became head football coach there in 1939, guided the school's team to a multitude of collegiate championships, and retired six years ago to become the university's high-school recruiter. "Canadian football," he says, "is faster, more wide open, and a better game for the spectators and the players. The wider field allows a team to attack on a broader front. Just as in war, this spreads the defenses."

Metras insists that having a backfield in motion before the ball is snapped, permitted by Canadian custom, provides more excitement and chance for surprise than do the stationary pre-snap positions required of American backs. "Having your backs in motion means you can hit the lines faster with your plays. This makes it tougher on defensive linemen. The tackles and guards in Canadian football have to be faster and more agile than in U.S. football so they can cope with faster-moving attacks."

Also, emphasizing the difference in line play, Metras says, "The offensive and defensive lines in American football are nose to nose, while they're required to be a yard apart in Canada. The American rule is a great advantage to the big, slow player. In Canada, given a starting space of one yard, smaller, faster linemen can shove the big man aside and jump him before he can lumber off the dime."

Metras, after almost 40 years of indoctrination, is sold on three downs because they produce more action. "In U.S. football the extra down is an experimental one, but in the Canadian game, every down counts. So a team has to gamble to make yards, instead of grinding it out with three instead of two chances. The result is a spectacle more pleasing to the crowd."

Other American coaches in Canada complain about the absence of downfield blocking. Almost all of them, such as Marv Levy of the Montreal Alouettes, have lobbied for paving an unlimited road with blocks, a technique they learned at home. Metras argues, "Watch any football game in the United States and tell me how many blocks are made downfield. I'll bet there aren't more than three or four a game—if that many. Most of the blocks, the important ones, are made in the first 7 yards. When I was coaching, I was happy if I could get my boys to block properly in the 10 yards permitted under Canadian rules.

"As a defensive man, I'd much rather deal with a ball carrier and a blocker in front of him than with two ball carriers with a chance to lateral the ball, as can be done in Canada. In the United States, it's almost unheard-of to throw a lateral pass. So when a back moves downfield, he's a blocker if another man is with him. In Canada the ball carrier can take out the defensive man and then toss the ball to his teammate for a longer gain or touchdown. Again, it's more spectacular."

Most American coaches presiding over Canadian teams express delight

Dick Beddoes is a sports columnist for the Globe and Mail *in Toronto.*

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with two specifics of Canadian football. One is the single point, one of the best plays in Canadian football. Metras insists that there are few plays more exciting than a punt receiver's attempting to run a lofty punt out of the end zone. If he is tackled before he escapes the end zone, the kicking team is credited with a rouge, or single point.

American coaches would add one wrinkle to the Canadian kicking game—blocking on punt returns, which is not allowed in Canada. Metras argues, on the other hand, "Watching a back return the ball by himself, with open-field running and the possibility of a lateral pass to a teammate, can be pleasurable."

U.S. coaches canny enough to exploit the wider Canadian field discover that the extra 11⅔ yards is an advantage in running plays. It may mean even more in passing plays, because the attacking team has more room to move and the defending team more acreage to protect. "Once you've learned to appreciate Canadian football," Metras claims, "you'll find U.S. football too slow. The wider field, the backs in motion, the yard between the linemen, all help the offensive club."

Rule distinctions, however, have not prevented an easy football exchange between the North American allies. Over the well-known Invisible Border, at a time when the American need was mammoth, there once went rye whiskey and high-octane ale in substantial quantities. Northward, in return, the United States sent football players, who settled in clouds upon the nine cities in the Canadian Football League, not necessarily blighting the landscape.

The nine head coaches in the CFL were all born in the United States. When Russ Jackson of Ottawa assumes leadership of the Toronto Argonauts next New Year's Day, he will become the first native Canadian to coach a team in the Canadian League since 1955, when Annis Stukus was ringmaster of the British Columbia Lions.

Exactly 15 players on a 32-player roster in Canada can be Americans, who are designated as "imports." The remaining 17, often lesser athletes, must be Canadian or, at least, not born in the United States. Players from other countries, for football purposes, qualify as Canadians. An example is the Hamilton Tiger-Cats' Ian Sunter, a punter who leads the Eastern Conference in scoring this season. Sunter was born in Scotland but is designated "Canadian."

Americans frequently dominate the CFL championship game, between east and west, for the Grey Cup, an old silver-plated birdbath donated by Lord Grey, a governor-general who represented the British monarchy in Canada in 1909. □

McGill vs. Harvard

Gridiron rapport has existed between Canada and the United States since May 15, 1874, when McGill University of Montreal played Harvard at Cambridge, Mass. This developed into the first game of football as it is known today, lacking only television coverage.

In 1873 Harvard had organized a team for football, under soccer rules, which prescribe that the ball be kicked at all times by all players except the goalkeeper, who is entitled to use his hands as well.

The McGills, in Cambridge, warmed up before the game while the Harvards watched in what historians reported as "amazement." The McGills kicked the ball or scooped it up and ran with it, as fancy or circumstances dictated. The Harvard captain approached the McGill captain to ask what sort of game McGill was practicing.

"Rugby," the man from McGill said. "That is our game."

"Never saw it played," the Harvard man said. "Our game is soccer—kicking the ball and nothing else. Rules prohibit running. But you're our guests. We'll play your game, but you'll have to explain it to us."

The McGill captain explained rugby, but because he was as polite as the Harvard captain, whose politeness is unsurpassed in football, he suggested that half the game be played as rugby, the other half as soccer. The teams reached détente, but the Harvards took such an immediate appreciation of rugby that the teams played most of the game under rugby rules. The final score was 0-0, a low-scoring record unlikely to be broken. D.B.

(**Canadian West:** *from page 32.*)

ciousness of the old Empress Hotel and the Parliament Buildings, we saw a small encampment of tents. It reminded us of the protest we'd witnessed two years ago in front of Australia's Parliament in Canberra, when the aborigines convened to elect their own prime minister. We wondered: Were Canadian Indians demanding rights? Or maybe a remnant of the militant Sons of Freedom Doukhobors? The tents proved to be occupied by well-to-do owners of mining properties, protesting tax policies of the Social Credit provincial government. A bar was set up in one tent so that the vigil would be less arduous.

Thirteen American colonies were still conducting a protest of their own when Capt. James Cook landed on Vancouver Island. One lieutenant aboard was William Bligh, who still had a mutiny in his future. The other was George Vancouver, who left his name to both a city and an island. Not to be outdone, Spanish explorer José Maria Navarez left a sprinkling of names throughout the Gulf of Georgia Islands. On our ferryboat ride back to Vancouver, we stopped in the Gulf Islands to renew acquaintances with black descendants of ex-slaves who settled here soon after the Civil War. One old gentleman complained about newcomers who seemed to have insufficient respect for Canadian traditions. He took an especially dim view of wealthy Chinese moving from Hong Kong to buy up waterfront property. In Vancouver newcomers have driven up the price of a modest, two-bedroom house to $70,000.

During our walk through the city, we sat down on the warm pavement of a plaza in front of a railroad-car restaurant and listened for a while to an impromptu rock concert. A resident U.S. military deserter, whose Canadian-born son was now big enough to toddle, told us he was not in favor of amnesty for Richard Nixon.

Led by Margaret Atwood to Duthie's Paperbackcellar, I asked the clerk if any of the poets mentioned in *Survival* happened to be around. A young man with a canvas sack slung over one shoulder turned and diffidently held out his hand.

He was Bill Bissett, a prolific poet whose "Nobody Owns the Earth" is an undiffident statement about "love of life and the forty-ninth parallel," a warning that all who come across the border as welcome guests should leave their acquisitiveness behind. □

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BOOKS

Beyond the Promised Land

Touch the Water, Touch the Wind
by Amos Oz
Translated from the Hebrew by Nicholas de Lange
Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 179 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Alfred Kazin

The Israeli novelist Amos Oz is an immensely clever, subtle, and mischievous writer whose new book is a brilliant scenario of all Jewish experience in our day rather than a very satisfying "novel." Maybe "novels" cannot be written anymore, and "scenario" (a term as dear to Washington Machiavellis as it used to be to Hollywood simpletons) is more to the point. Certainly experience of all sorts in our day, Jewish experience not least, doesn't always lend itself to nice, old-fashioned integral storytelling. All emotions are now at a discount, lest some grief never lets up.

Anyway, Oz's particular effect on me is always to make me realize how little we know about what goes on inside the Israeli head. Israeli fiction seems as different from "Jewish" fiction as a dream is from Portnoy-Herzog reciting it on Dr. Humperdinck's couch. Israeli fiction breathes a pervasive air of some unadmitted transiency, of metaphysical unreality. It gives off a sense of being enclosed in a Land that is real because it was "Promised," not because it always feels real to live there. And the clipped, stony, enigmatic language lends itself to marvelous sentences, bursts of eloquent sound that leave you hanging on the cliff. (Oz's single sentences are often prodigious.)

Israel is tiny, but the evidences of Jewish history in the Land (people as well as stones) are endless. Jewish history is endless; the Land, claustrophobic, hypnotic, yet improbable. To the unusually sensitive and humorous mind of Amos Oz, the real theme of Jewish history—especially in Israel—is unreality. When, and how, can a Jew attain reality in the Promised Land, actually touch the water, touch the wind?

"Do I wake or sleep?"—Keats's cry while he was held spellbound by the nightingale—is Amos Oz's question as the torment of Jewish history in our century suddenly comes to rest—or tries to—in one tiny, beleaguered corner of Asia. Tight-lipped about the history but mocking and funny about the perennially abstract Jewish mind, Oz is writing here about the messianic transcendent unreality of Jewish cravings—contrasted with experiences so terrible that they are still inadmissible. The book opens in Poland on the eve of Hitler's war and sardonically compares Jewish intellectuals' love of German poetry, Goethe societies, Kantian ethics, with the Holocaust to come. The terror is not shown—no need to show it. Our eyes are on Elisha Pomerantz, son of a watchmaker and still a believer in a world that ticks like a watch. Elisha is a gifted visionary mathematician whose dream (eventually that of all Jews in the book) is to make the world attain to the condition of music, to turn it into pure thought.

Elisha is so perfect a dreamer that he can practice levitation, appear to himself as an ancient king of Poland, slip away from Nazi soldiers when he gets tired of their swilling pork fat. Is this gift of overcoming brute matter a delusion? Or is it another gift, in the line of those thinkers, through Spinoza to Marx, who have elevated pure thought into the heavenly prophecy of what might be? Oz does not tip his hand. Although he is writing satire at the expense of Jewish dreamers, his satire is a form of acceptance.

The real fate of these dreamers is not to fall into the well but never to let their real lives interfere with Thought. Anything can happen to those who seek to turn mind into "radar beams." In the course of this book everyone is moved along without being changed in the least. Elisha ends up as a shepherd in a Galilee kibbutz, working out the most staggering equations in his spare time. His wife, Stefa, becomes a key figure in Soviet intelligence. An ungainly little scholar who looks like an "adulterous rabbi" becomes the bored head of Israeli intelligence. The poet-father of a (secretly Jewish) Soviet commissar, a poet who in Russia always wrote of his yearning for the Promised Land, now sits in Israel *still* writing of his yearning for the Promised Land. Nazi generals become monks; American hippies in Israel become religion freaks and try to convert the Israeli army.

Zvi Sherf
Amos Oz—"Subtle and mischievous."

One of the best things in the book is the satire on Israeli Socialist piety and Israeli venerabilities. The dogmatic leader of the Galilee kibbutz is not sure that Elisha, a super-Einstein, is doing enough for the community. The withered settlers are: "Old men with faces carved from gnarled wood. Elderly thin-lipped women who a generation and a half before had suddenly declared war on Nature itself. Now the fight was not won; the elderly women were still here, still uncompromising, still on guard." There is a bit about Heidegger, the German thinker whose search for a path through language to the deep mystery of existence did not keep him from becoming Nazi head of a university.

At the end, Stefa joins her husband Elisha in the Promised Land. Then war erupts again, and there is a significant, beautiful little passage about the fabulous couple, so long separated, coming together in the ancient Jewish homeland just as they disappear into the earth like a lover losing himself in the body of his beloved. At the end of the book, we do get an overwhelming sense of the unspeakable strain in all these people—never free of anti-Jewish hatred and still struggling against the tyranny of matter. But things do take over in the end. Oz seems overwhelmed, as we must be, by the incessant threat to Jewish history.

So this book, as the author banteringly says about other Jewish excursions into history, is itself a piece of pure thought—up to the end. Then the heart does take over. □

Alfred Kazin is the author of a number of works of literary criticism, most recently Bright Book of Life.

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Ellipses in Time

The Hermit
by Eugène Ionesco
Translated from the French
by Richard Seaver
Viking, 192 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Stephen Koch

At the age of 60, after a lifetime as a man of the theater, Eugène Ionesco has written his first novel. It can't be called a very original book and, in fact, though a debut, *The Hermit* also functions as a kind of smooth summa for the intellectual obsessions of a lifetime. Following the great modern tradition, the book records the thinking aloud of a manic-depressive, entirely isolated young man who, by virtue of the numberless and subtly various pathologies of his withdrawal from other people, finds himself left all alone with his thoughts. His mind is indeed a small, sloshing tidal basin endlessly brimming with, and then emptying itself of, Ideas. Be they self-pitying or aggrandizing, murderously cynical or mindlessly optimistic, substantive or trivial, none of these ideas will come as any surprise to those familiar with Ionesco's plays or his critical writing. Nor will the form of the book surprise any general reader of modernist literature. I speak of the great tradition: Formally, *The Hermit* is an ingratiating and, I think, quite minor contribution to the literature of depression—the terrible comedy mumbled in the ruminations of the irredeemably solitary, self-hating, self-immolating, utterly self-absorbed human being. It is the tradition that finds its first great expression in *Notes From the Underground* and whose greatest living practitioner is Ionesco's old rival in the theater, Samuel Beckett.

In 1964 Susan Sontag wrote a short essay about Ionesco, briefly sketching his achievement and dealing with certain issues it raises. At the time, the essay was thought to be very severe; yet I get the impression that by now it has gotten to be the general American view. To briefly summarize, Sontag argued that Ionesco is an artist who has had one splendidly powerful and innovative theatrical idea —the insight that a high, flaring surreal comedy could be set loose by seizing the dull daily language of cliché and driving it into an ever more intense and violent theatrical climax. But that is only one idea. After exploiting it in his early plays, Sontag argued, Ionesco began to thin it down, stretching it into a career, with ever more lavish admixtures of fashionable ideas over which he had little or no real grasp. This led to Ionesco's being mistaken by his audience for an artist of ideas when in fact he is something very different—a man with a brilliant theatrical flair. Feydeau masked as Ibsen, so to speak. All of Ionesco's theater is based in the comedy of meaninglessness implicit within the inadequacy of language to the naming of the truth. For this, clichés and platitudes formed his ideal material. Sontag argued, however, that the inadequacy of language—especially as Ionesco understood it—was in itself a rather tedious pseudo-idea not unlike the chit-chat of boulevard existentialism from 20 years ago with which Ionesco has cluttered his later plays. Thus Sontag thought *Jack, or the Submission* (1950) Ionesco's major achievement and something like *Rhinoceros* his pretentious and middlebrow worst.

How does this assessment—a correct one, I think—stand up 10 years later in the light of the dramatist's first novel? Let's note that the fashionable ideas with which Ionesco thinned out his "poetry of clichés" were simply fancier, more impressive clichés. Sontag certainly recognized this fact. Ionesco's first play, *The Bald Soprano*, takes its dialogue from the vacuities of a phrase book used by Frenchmen to study English and carries them into a wild conflagration of meaninglessness. But the ideas in the later plays, weak-minded though they may be, have some claim to being genuine thought. Nevertheless, they cannot be dismissed with Ionesco's similarly weak-minded shrug indicating nothing means anything anyway. No comedy of ideas can ground itself in a position that is in itself unintelligent.

The main character of *The Hermit* is a lower-middle-class Frenchman who finds himself able to quit work and retreat into himself when he inherits a lot of money from that favorite French fantasy, a rich American uncle. In his spiffy new apartment, he holes up to pass through his manic-depressive ups and downs, worrying about getting up late and what the cleaning lady thinks of him, getting jumpy about an unfriendly concierge, fretting over which is the proper room in which to install his telephone. He wonders whether he is drinking

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(alone) too much—and he is. But most of all, he thinks and thinks, in a slow, daily semi-alcoholic rhythm, always about himself (though the cosmos may seem the focus). He thinks grandiose ideas or piddling navel-gazing ideas, but high or low, all of them drive him deeper and deeper into the tar baby of his self-absorbed, solitary, alienated perception of the world.

WITH MARVELOUS SKILL, Ionesco simply runs through the entire anthology of modernist modes of rendering that perception. Our hero looks around him, and who are these fellow creatures of his? Microbes under glass? Or is it he who is under glass? The unrecognizing vision that forms the climactic section of Sartre's *Nausea* becomes our hero's favorite game—that gaze which in its deep denial of the human communality and one's real environment can make anyone or anything seem a piece of exotic, repellent slime crawled up from the bottom of the sea.

But our unnamed protagonist can also snap suddenly into an optimism that finds in the smallest sunbeam the grounds for an empty exultation. How, he asks himself, how *could* I have been so grim only 20 minutes and three drinks ago, when now it is plain that the world is filled with a great secret tenderness and energy and love? Not, of course, that this surge will lead him to action or human contact, but over a fourth drink he will philosophize on it in a more or less cosmic way until . . . until the ebb tide returns.

Ionesco claims to despise "psychological" art, but one of *The Hermit*'s finest aspects is the way it stays steadily and admirably in touch with the rhythm and timing—the dramatist's virtues—of solitude's rolling moods, his finger always sensitive to the tuggings of the pinched, alternately anguished and relieved nerve of its schizoid experience of itself and others. The jejune theorizing about knowledge, despair, and meaninglessness, the alternating fits of grandiosity and meanness, work perfectly in this context. This novelistic rendering of the rhythm of alienated and isolated experience offers the reader, not the shock, but, as it were, the steadily alternating current of recognition, in a fluent, amusing, ingratiating prose. (As a corollary, Richard Seaver's translation strikes me as talky in exactly the right sense, "real" without sacrificing the book's abstract flair, a uniformly recognizable but unidiosyncratic voice that never has the "translated" sound that so often afflicts similar work.)

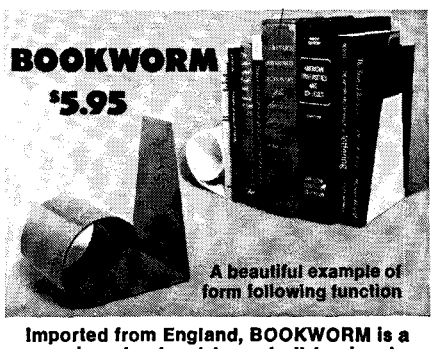
The Hermit ceases to be a merely psychological novel, however, about halfway through, when the book breaks into a surreal convulsion as our hero's neighborhood in the Parisian suburbs becomes the scene of some garishly rendered revolutionary riots and street battles, a thinly veiled treatment of the French near-revolution of May 1968. Our man will have none of it, of course, and holes up even more tightly in his apartment, while his bitter musings inevitably turn to politics. Here it becomes even more difficult than before to determine if the ideas on the page are being seriously proposed. More and more they take on the suspicious stink of sincerity. None of Ionesco's ideas are going to put him in the philosophical pantheon, but of all of them, his political ideas take the cake in the inanity department. And though they are far from lifting the character's paralysis and despair, they are asserted with a new aggressiveness and certitude.

In her essay Sontag argued convincingly that Ionesco's elaborate contempt for the "platitudes" of "systems," "ideologies," and "politics" was merely a high-falutin know-nothingism, which like all anti-intellectualism was really an intellectual attitude that is vainly seeking to make itself invulnerable. Wrapped in the low-level pseudo-truth that language is meaningless, one is safe, beyond criticism. The point is worth repeating. Almost always, anti-intellectualism (as opposed to mere ignorance) is not a position but a variety of self-protection.

It must be said that *The Hermit* protects itself in precisely this way, a fact that makes its cataclysmic ending entirely unsatisfactory from the intellectual point of view it demands for itself. It completely clinches the suspicion we have had all the way through: that however skillful, *The Hermit* is a minor, totally derivative, and unadventurous work. It may be a nifty theatrical trick to claim that the ideas of nobody are to be taken seriously. It just happens to be untrue.

Yet, from that theatrical, or rather dramatic, point of view, I found the ending of *The Hermit* rather strong—better, effective. Once again, it is the dramatist's —now novelist's—sense of time that redeems the fiasco, redeems it not for major art, but at least from total triviality. I've referred to the surreal comedy of clichés in Ionesco's early plays as "flaring." I did so because their timing is that of fire. We begin slow in an ordinary room of banality and conformism. In 30 minutes' time dead language first merely rustles and then reaches an infernal conflagration, wild with a blazing meaninglessness. It is pretty strong.

In his late middle age, Ionesco has reversed this rhythm. The process began in *Exit the King* (*Le roi se meurt*), his last major play, and continues in *The Hermit*. Rather than driving toward the old mad intensity, Ionesco's amazing theatrical gift for making ellipses in time moves in the reverse, and the character slips unnoticing through minutes, days, years. Time is elongated into an amazing brevity; almost between blinks and sighs the character finds himself moving to and through old age and toward its inevitable termination. A surreal version of the Chekhovian sadness—what has happened to me? where did it all go?—*The Hermit* condenses into 40 swift pages the terrible movement of a young man living a life of quiet desperation into an isolated old age. Though the book's other limitations make it a bit thin, it is no mean effect, and Ionesco is no mean master of effect. It really is a shame that Ionesco is so very close to sharing his character's complacencies and vacuities that he cannot turn a brilliant effect into something with real power. We are left with a young man barricaded behind his window, dripping with contempt for both himself and the riffraff out beyond, growing old as he sips wine on his couch—virtually between sips, he grows old—seeing to it that the language of cliché will keep him wholly invulnerable to the experience of certain elementary truths that happen to be the repositories of the world's vision. □



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Slaughter for Fun and Profit

Man Kind?
by Cleveland Amory
Harper & Row, 372 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Farley Mowat

This book, accusingly subtitled *Our Incredible War on Wildlife*, is going to rouse a reaction among the hunting fraternity that, I predict, will be little short of manic. Such a reaction will be appropriate, because *Man Kind?* is a case history of murderous insanity not only at the individual level but also at the *species* level; and the species is Modern Man.

Regardless of what special talents man may lay claim to as setting him apart from the rest of animate creation, his talent for rationalization must certainly be unique. And nowhere else has he exercised that talent to a greater degree than in his construction of the elaborate web of excuses he has devised to justify his inclinations toward murder and mayhem. The flagrantly dishonest propaganda that has always surrounded human wars is a familiar example of our capability for rationalization. Much less familiar is the intricate propaganda structure used to justify the destruction of *non*-human forms of life. The unmasking of the real motives underlying this particular tissue of lies is Cleveland Amory's present task.

The contention that hunting is a "sport" is perhaps the major rationalization and, in many ways, the most obnoxious and hypocritical of them all. Amory devotes the largest part of his book to an analysis of this Big Lie. Using scores of quotes from the published memoirs of sport hunters, he conclusively demonstrates that "sport" equals "fun" equals "sadistic pleasure." The amazing thing about these quotations is that their authors appear to have been insensible of the fact that the "sporting" incidents they described were in reality atrocities of the worst kind. Witness this account of super-sportsman Sam Snead killing an elephant:

> Sam chose to make the safer heart shot. Mortally wounded, the tusker trumpeted once, spun around, then crumpled as [professional] hunter Jenvey fired the crippling, leg-breaking shot in case Sam's had not been perfect. . . . Sam quickly applied the *coup de grace* to the downed elephant's brain, then let out a rebel yell that must have scared game for miles around.
>
> "Maaaaan, did you see him go down? Just like he was pole-axed," Sam exulted when he caught his breath. "Wow!"

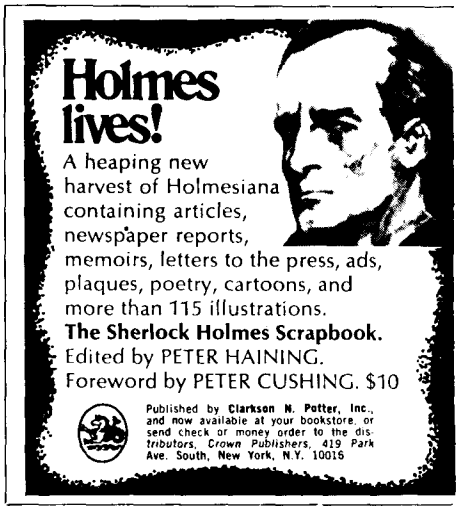
Wow, indeed. But this is not an isolated atrocious incident in Amory's collection. Reiterations of the same dark perversions appear constantly in almost all outdoor, sporting, and men's magazines, and even in the publications of such great men as John James Audubon, Theodore Roosevelt, and Ernest Hemingway. He is ruthless in his demolition of the multitudinous minor excuses offered in support of hunting: that killing "varmints" helps farmers; that sport hunting inculcates love and respect for the wilderness; that it acts as an essential animal-population control; that sport license fees pay most of the bill for conservation work; that big-game hunting is dangerous and therefore a legitimate trial of strength between man and beast; that sport hunting is an ennobling pastime . . . and so on, ad nauseam. He is equally ruthless in exposing the weak-kneed attitudes of many wildlife-protection groups (including the World Wildlife Fund and the National Audubon Society), whom he accuses of being fearful of antagonizing the hunting fraternity and of refusing to take a stand on the basic issue: whether or not man has the *right* to kill, simply for the sake of killing.

He also shows us just how big the big business of sport hunting really is and how powerful the manufacturers of guns, ammunition, and equipment are, not only in government offices and legislatures but also in the offices of conservation societies and in university laboratories theoretically devoted to conservation. In fact, as Amory proves, the conservation movement itself has been largely taken over and corrupted by those who support sport hunting. Almost all governmental and many private "conservation" organizations in North America are actually engaged in the production of more game for hunters to kill!

The second part of the book is concerned with killing directly for money and, in particular, with the fur trade. It is equally disgusting in its revelation of the true motives that underlie the "rational" reasons for the killing of animals for fur. These motives can be succinctly summed up in a single thought: The killing of any living thing, even the extinction of the species, is fully justified if it produces a profit.

In the final segment of *Man Kind?* Amory deals with the revenge motif involved in slaughtering such animals as wolves, coyotes, and mountain lions. Here I find myself in disagreement with him on a minor point. Revenge, legitimate or otherwise, is not the real motive behind the hysterical campaigns

Farley Mowat has written 24 books, including Never Cry Wolf *and, most recently,* Wake of the Great Swalers.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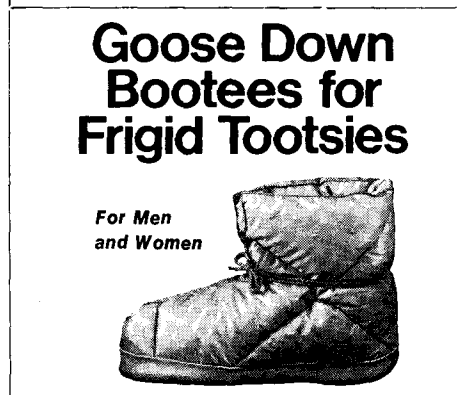
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waged against all non-human predators in the sea, on the land, and in the air. The motive is hatred based on the most arrogant sort of selfishness—our refusal to suffer any form of competition, no matter how minor, from any other animal. The very thought of a coyote's killing a jack rabbit, and thereby depriving a human sportsman of the opportunity to slaughter that same rabbit, fires the human killer to white heat.

This is a book, then, about manic selfishness, vicious hypocrisy, and sadistic behavior on the part of human kind. To read it is to face the truth about our attitudes toward the rest of animate creation. And the truth is drenched in blood and pungent with the savagery of man. □

New Books

The Palace Guard

by Dan Rather and Gary Paul Gates
Harper & Row, 326 pp., $8.95

It is one of the virtues of this work that, in dealing with one of the most somber periods in American political history, it is not too awed to be witty. Although it is by no means a light-hearted book, Mr. Rather and Mr. Gates have brought to the written history of Watergate and the Nixon presidency a recognizable human element, a quality that has been singularly lacking in the high-minded literature thus far produced on those subjects. One learns something of the sort of men Haldeman and Ehrlichman were, and of the families they came from. One learns the character and disposition of the minds that made up the palace guard and thus something of the logic that informed their behavior and enveloped and shaped the Nixon presidency to a degree that was grotesque.

This, finally, is the excellence of Mr. Rather and Mr. Gates's perception: that they recognized the element of the grotesque in this remarkable story, and that they chose to put it forward, to render it as it shaped the daily facts of life in the White House. It is one thing to know, as we have for some years now, that Nixon's was a remote, isolated presidency, and another to have the details of that isolation—to read, as one does here, what it took for high Cabinet members to get past Haldeman in order to see the President. Not Arthur Burns, not Moynihan, not even Kissinger (before he became Secretary of State) could make his way past Nixon's guard or prevail against Haldeman's determined efforts to block off all access other than that which came strictly under his control. Kissinger was always politic with the palace guard, and Moynihan laughed at them. Only John Connally, confronted by the usual Haldeman response to a request to see the President—"I'll convey your wishes to the President"—answered brusquely in turn, "I'll convey my wishes myself," and was not challenged for his effrontery.

That *The Palace Guard* is a maddening book, and a sobering one, does not mean that one cannot laugh at certain flights of the grotesque which were perpetrated by the Haldeman-Ehrlichman school of politics. Once, before the 1972 campaign, those sages whose souls belonged to advertising—at least as much as to Christian Science—learned from an in-depth marketing survey that the name Nixon had a negative effect on people. Whether it was the *Nix* or the *x* that produced the effect was not clear, but it was determined that something had to be done about hiding the name for the elections of 1972. The authors explain that the Haldeman-Ehrlichman image-making and -packaging machinery came up with the solution "that the bumper-sticker slogan for 1972 should be 'Re-elect the President.' You know, what's-his-name." Against all odds, the Rather-Gates book is a more fascinating work after Nixon's resignation than it might have been before, for the Nixon presidency not only is still very much in the air but promises not to go away for a long time, and there is much in the character of its endurance that bears witness to all that Mr. Rather and Mr. Gates had observed.

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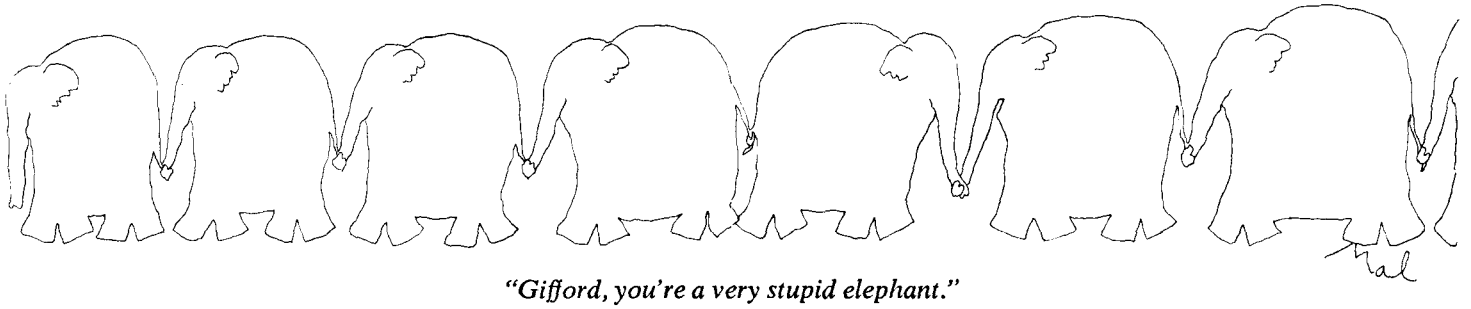
The Patton Papers 1940–1945

by Martin Blumenson
Houghton-Mifflin, 889 pp., $17.50

By means of superior editing and sparing comment of his own, Mr. Blumenson has permitted George S. Patton to speak for himself through his letters and diaries, and the result is a disturbing and absorbing portrait. Patton was a man of innate eloquence, and there is plenty of evidence in his diary and in his letters to prove it. He was also a repository of hatred and prejudices, to a degree that will shock those who thought of him only as a gun-toting general with a rough tongue, a brash but good-hearted soldier whose only trouble was his talent for getting into trouble with his superiors. A reading of certain diary excerpts and letters shows a wily, grandiose man, one not at all averse to being shrewd. George Patton's trouble was simply that his political talents were not up to the burden placed on them by his enormous fund of prejudice and hate. He was a true hater, one in whom the need to express hostile impulses was greater than the need to do himself good by keeping quiet.

Toward the close of a life already saddened by the fact that World War II had ended and his fighting days were done, hatred and suspicion soured him almost completely. He hated those who would punish the Nazis when they should have been getting the Nazis and all other Germans ready for the fight with Russia. As he seemed to see it, the question of who was a Nazi and who a non-Nazi was no more important than who was a Republican or a Democrat in America. Further, the Germans were more like the Americans than the Russians with whom the Americans had fought the war. He loathed Arabs and Sicilians. He loathed Jews probably more than either of them.



"Gifford, you're a very stupid elephant."

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He could tell, he confided to his diary, from the flat brown eyes of the Jews he saw in the displaced-persons camps, that they were a people of low intelligence.

In all, Mr. Blumenson's is a full-bodied portrait, though one might have wished for less economy in Mr. Blumenson's prose style, which tends to an odd sort of choppiness. He is here neither a promoter nor a real critic of Patton but an interpreter, and a blunt and interesting one at that.

The Man With the Candy: The Story of the Houston Mass Murders

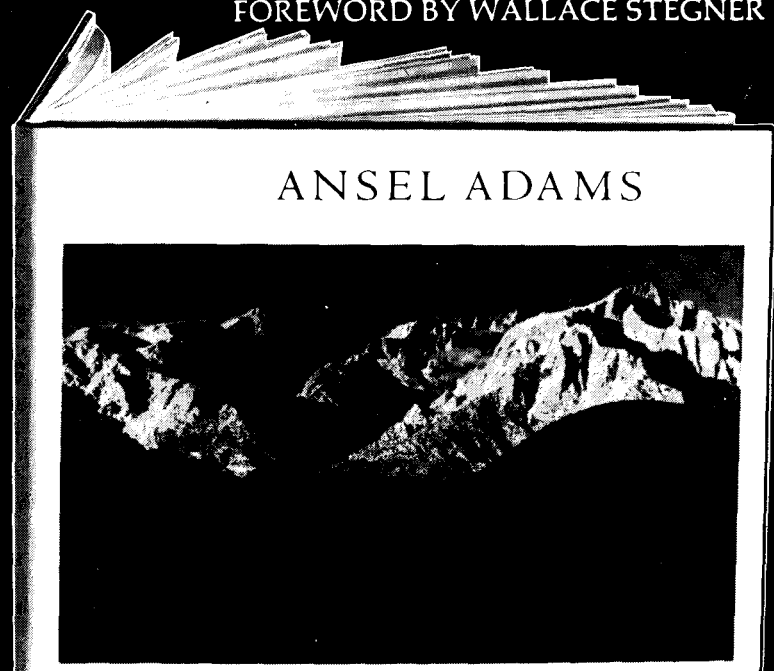
by Jack Olsen
Simon & Schuster, 225 pp., $7.95

In 1973 the bodies of some 27 boys, the victims of a homosexual murderer, were uncovered in Houston. The murderer, Dean Corll, had enlisted the aid of two local youths, who would, for a price, bring the victims to Corll's home for a party or some other enticement. Though he was considerably older than his companions, Corll had come under little suspicion in the run-down Houston community, known as the Heights, from which most of the victims had come. He was, on the contrary, popular—the hard-working owner of a candy factory, a well-mannered, helpful, and quiet man who had a special affinity for young people and, apparently, no others. The Houston police were, in their turn, a demoralized sort. Houston had a high murder rate and had, indeed, come to be known as Murder City in 1957, when it had the highest per capita murder rate in the nation. The police, Mr. Olsen reasons, were not inclined therefore to take such things as the reports of missing boys very seriously, even though those reports stretched into a long and ominous pattern for one neighborhood.

He has dissected the sociology of that neighborhood in some depth. More to the point, his brief sketches of the families from which the murder victims came do much to dispel the air of unreality that surrounds those boys and their fate. They were not nameless wanderers. They had roots and families who worried over them, if not always efficiently. Though Mr. Olsen tends to be treacly now and then, it is treacle of a slight sort. That quality aside, this is reasonably tough-minded journalism, and a highly readable sort as well.

DOROTHY RABINOWITZ

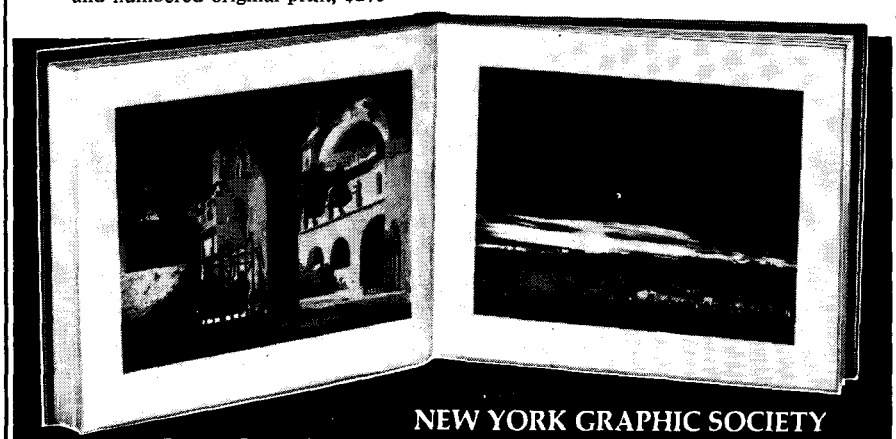
Ansel Adams
IMAGES 1923-1974
FOREWORD BY WALLACE STEGNER



A monument in the field of creative photography and the graphic arts

ANSEL ADAMS is one of the great artists of the 20th century—a photographer whose genius and skill create images that intensify the emotional effect of visual experience. Now, in his 72nd year, he has reviewed the output of a lifetime, carefully selecting his finest work. He has personally supervised every step of the production of this magnificent volume to achieve the finest reproductions humanly possible. Pulitzer Prize-winner Wallace Stegner has provided the foreword, giving striking insights into Adams' development as a photographer, his ideas, and his working methods.

Because of the time and care required to manufacture ANSEL ADAMS, and because of the scarcity of the special paper used, the supply this fall is limited. To be sure of getting your copy, order as soon as possible. 120 duotone reproductions. 128 pp. 16⅝ x 13¾ ins. Slipcase. $65.00 until 12/31/74; $75.00 thereafter. A signed and numbered limited edition, in a boxed portfolio with a signed and numbered original print, $275



NEW YORK GRAPHIC SOCIETY
11 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. 02108/A Time Incorporated Company

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Favorite Poet

Yes, I *do* have a favorite young poet, an insurance underwriter in Lincoln, Neb., name of Ted Kooser. His first proper-sized book has just come out, in paper, from a small press: *A Local Habitation and a Name*. Karl Shapiro says of Kooser in his introduction: "One thanks him for his gifts of honesty and lucidity, the sharpness of focus, and that mysterious quality of voice which confers significance upon his material." Yes, indeed. Here's a short one:

The old black dog comes in one evening
with the first few snowflakes on his back
and falls asleep, throwing his bad leg out
at our excitement. This is the night
when one of us gets to say, as if it were
news,
that no two snowflakes are ever alike;
the night when each of us remembers
something
snowier. The kitchen is a kindergarten
steamy with stories. The dog gets stiffly up
and limps away, seeking a quiet spot
at the heart of the house. Outside,
in silence, with diamonds in his fur,
the winter night curls round the legs of
the trees,
sleepily blinking snowflakes from his lashes.

It's a handsome book, and rich, rich. You can order it from Solo Press, 1209 Drake Circle, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93401—$2.95 and a quarter for handling. A steal at $3.20 all told.

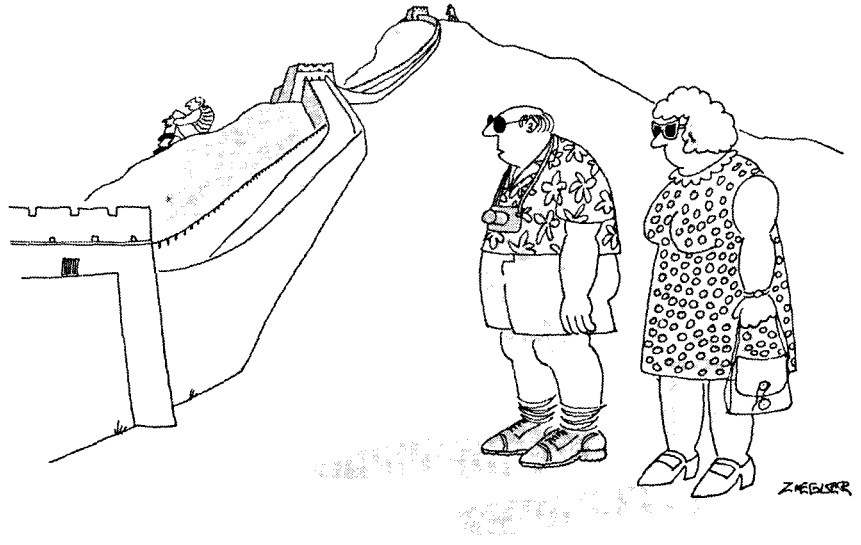
What Makes Sammy Write

Sammy Cahn is an impish little egotist whose one-man show, singing his own songs, is a Broadway hit. Now here's his autobiography, *I Should Care* (Arbor House, November 15, $8.95). It's Lower East Side to Tin Pan Alley to Hollywood to fame. He's a good-natured fellow and has an anecdote and a kind word for everyone except Al Jolson and Artie Shaw. His lyrics are meat and potatoes lyrics—not a touch on Cole Porter. Things like *"Bei Mir Bist Du Schön,"* "I'll Walk Alone," and "Three Coins in the Fountain." He clears up a point that always puzzled me, namely, why there are sometimes as many as four lyricists credited on sheet music:

A cut-in, in those days, was anyone who could get your song recorded, published, or played, which meant his name appeared on the song, and the big scam around the music business was and is that the greatest of all cut-ins was Mr. Al Jolson, who has his name on practically every hit he ever sang (or perhaps he'd never have sung). . . . Another prominent cut-in was supposed to be Mr. Billy Rose. I am not sure if Billy Rose really deserved that rumor, but I *do* know that Mr. Rose once, when hiring me to do one of his Aquacade shows, told me: "I can't wait to hear what we're going to write."

Cult It and Pedestal It

There are some books that have no reason for being; as the saying goes, who needs them? Such a one is Hal Prince's autobiography, *Contradictions: Notes on Twenty-Six Years in the Theater* (Dodd, Mead, November 25, $8.95). He just plods along chronologically, writing, ". . . and then I produced." He doesn't even tell us what a producer *does*. He don't write too good, either; here he is speaking of *Candide*: "The 300 years that separated Voltaire's writing and the Guthrie version of it had served only to cult it, pedestal it with a veneer of agelessness, and spoil the fun."



"Somehow I was under the impression that it was much larger."

Another Charmer

There was another politician who resigned in mid-office, and he was even more charming than Nixon, if that is conceivable. Here's his biography, *Gentleman Jimmy Walker: Mayor of the Jazz Age*, by George Walsh (Praeger, November 27, $10.95). Jimmy flourished (and that's the word) in the Twenties and Thirties, and it was graft in high Democratic Irish-American Tammany Hall circles that forced him to throw in the towel as New York's mayor. Eddie Cantor said that he was "a combination of George M. Cohan, James Cagney, and John Barrymore, [and] the best off-the-cuff speaker I'd ever heard." Jimmy was dapper, blue-eyed, and nervy, and Mr. Walsh is a bit too heavy-footed for his subject, what with saying that something was "almost unique" and that somebody "authored" a book. But a terrific subject, and handled better than an earlier jazzy biography by Gene Fowler.

Verse Aid

Donald Barthelme is a man whose name certainly cries out for Verse Aid, but it's a tough one. In celebration of his new book, *Guilty Pleasures* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, November 4, $7.95), we'll attempt it, but mind you, we'll have to assume a brogue to carry it off:

Begob, his stories starthle me;
That divil of a fella Barthelme!

Paper Pleasures

I count *The Maltese Falcon* as one of the half-dozen great movies, and I've seen it eight times. Just this week I relived it again in book form, frame by frame. Richard J. Anobile had the peachy idea of large-format paperbacks of great movies, each containing the complete dialogue and 1,400 frame-blow-up photos—every scene. Amazing what you forget. But you *do* remember: "Yes, angel, I'm gonna send you over. . . . If they hang you, I'll always remember you . . ." In the same format, *Casablanca*, *Psycho*, and *Frankenstein*. □

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Curmudgeon-at-Large

by Cleveland Amory

It's terrific news, all right, when you've got a book about to come out, to learn that, in a space of 90 days during the fall, 15,000 books are published.

Those odds, let's face it, are, under the best of circumstances, not very good. We have seen better ones on a fly dying of old age. But for an author who hasn't written a book in 10 years—and who, to boot, is none too short in the tooth—they're hardly something—you should pardon the expression—to write home about.

It's so unfair. For 10 full years, you do your best not to contribute to any shortage—hardback, paperback, or even talk back—not to be a read-hog or eye-guzzler, and where does it get you? Where were all those other 14,999 when you were giving up the best years of your writing life? They were publishing; that's what they were doing, while you were perishing.

As a gentle writer, gentle reader, we appeal to you. Read the others, by all means. Browse them, borrow them, even get them at the library. But before you take such a final step as buying them, ask yourself one simple question: What has this author done for you lately? If he's done too much—if, in these times, he's going on writing and writing as if there were no tomorrow—keep your hands out of your pockets and chest your credit cards. Today *is* tomorrow.

Writing is, after all, a matter of cutting. And, for the author who, in these times of surplus, can cut it out entirely, there should be a special niche—if not in heaven, at least in Brentano's.

As a matter of fact, once upon a happier time there was a man who did cut it out entirely. His name was Michael Arlen. The author of a novel called *The Green Hat*, after years of not writing, he suddenly announced himself as retired. It was an unheard-of thing—a retired writer—and he immediately became terrifically famous. This fame was, of course, according to his son, writer Michael J. Arlen, particularly galling to prolific writers. "You get more attention for not writing," John O'Hara once crossly complained to him, "than I do for writing." In any case, Arlen was in terrific demand for parties, for interviews, for lectures—yes, even for a book. And in the end, of course, he succumbed. On his death, he was working on what would surely have been his greatest work—the memoirs of a non-writer.

In today's glut there will, of course, be other authors who will also claim to have taken the vow—to abstain totally. But beware. You owe it to yourself as a reader to examine these claims very carefully. Ask yourself why. Did the author give it up just for personal reasons, for his own health or laziness—or did he give it up out of genuine concern for the reader? Did he give it up, to be specific, 10 years ago?

Anyway, once you have your answer, you can, with a clear conscience, wend your gentle way to your favorite bookstore. To get, of course, what's-it-called by what's-his-name.

KEEP THOSE LETTERS, CARDS, COMING DEPT.—as sent in by the letter-writer herself:

The Honorable Gerald Ford
President of the United States
The White House
Washington, D.C.

Dear President Ford:

With all the vehemence at my command, I protest your unwarranted action in pardoning Richard Nixon.

We had a right to believe that he, like any other citizen, would be made answerable for his actions. Now, by your own action, you have become a party to the Watergate coverup, you have undermined the concept of equal justice for all, and you have re-awakened the cynicism and frustration which you seemed about to lay to rest.

I feel betrayed and saddened; I had expected better from you.

In great sincerity,
Doras Briggs
Kensington, Calif.

The White House

Dear Mrs. Briggs,

Thank you for your very kind and thoughtful message of congratulations. It is encouraging to have the goodwill and support of the American people. Working together, I know we can go forward in peace with other nations and in progress here at home.

Gerald R. Ford

Maybe they ran out of the other form.

SUBURBAN RENEWAL DEPT.—as located by Mary Lloyd of Eagle Rock, Calif., in the Northeast Newspaper Classified:

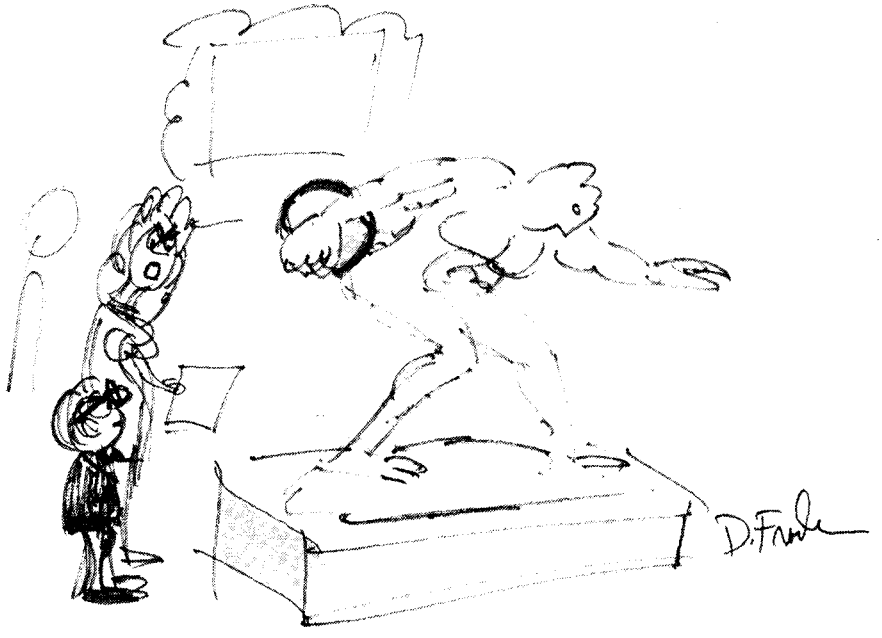
Spacious 2-bedroom plus sewing room in front, with large basement for workshop. Cozy bachelor in back amid foliage.

Dream on, sweet nymph.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTE—as found by Mrs. Harry Bachman, of Bristol, Tenn., who came across it in the Bristol *Herald Courier*:

Ladies responsible for making tea will kindly empty the teapots and kettles and then stand upside down in the sink.

It looks like another Teapot Dome. □



"Please stop referring to him as a 'dumb jock.'"

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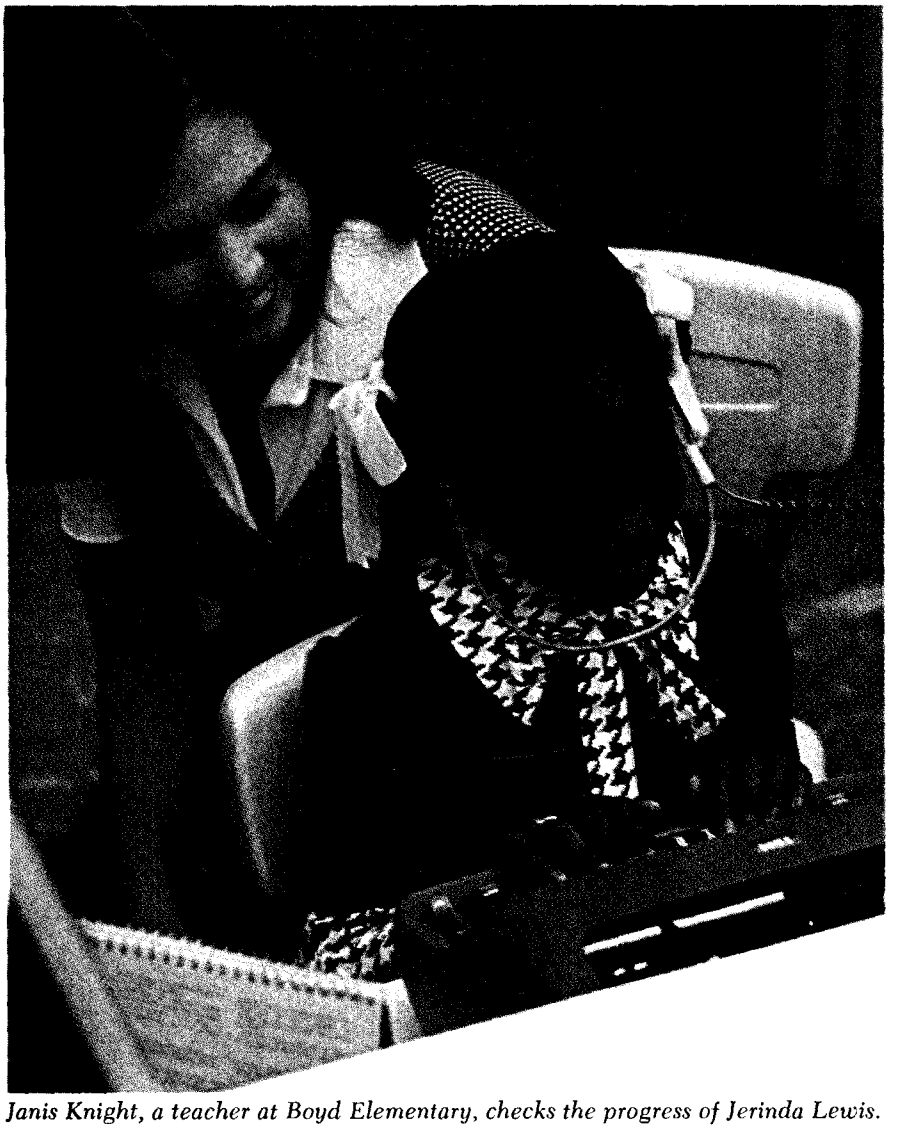
IBM Reports

How one company's people and products are helping find the answers to some of the world's problems.



Janis Knight, a teacher at Boyd Elementary, checks the progress of Jerinda Lewis.

A typewriter is helping children learn new words

There's a muffled rush of typewriter keys. An attentive look on children's faces. They're learning words in a new way at Boyd Elementary School, a public school in Jackson, Mississippi.

First, pupils learn how to type. Then they learn words by hearing them over a headset and typing them out. Each child proceeds at his own pace, receiving lessons that have been pre-taped by the teacher.

While typing is a course usually reserved for high school students, the results of employing it to teach much younger children have been most impressive. Children in this class, which is made up of fifth and sixth year pupils, have shown marked improvement in writing, spelling, reading and other subjects as well. Almost incidentally, some fifth graders are typing 75 words a minute.

"This isn't an elementary typing course," says school principal Betty Hollingsworth. "It's a class in Language Arts. When a child can hear the sound through the earphones, when he can see it on the page, and then when he can touch and feel it with his hands, this breeds success . . ."

Test results have confirmed Mrs. Hollingsworth's statement. Spelling scores as measured by the California Achievement Tests show fifth grade Boyd School students making average gains of almost a year after just three months in the typing program.

But there are other important benefits that simply can't be measured by tests. The children's creative writing talents have been stimulated. Budding poets and short story writers have emerged and flourished with new, enlarged vocabularies and a new confidence in their ability to use words.

The children even publish a school newspaper, the "Boyd Bulletin," which they write and type up themselves. It serves as a showcase for a profusion of brightly original stories and essays and poems.

Handwriting Improved

You might think that, as children relied more on the typewriter, their handwriting ability would decline. But that hasn't been the case at Boyd School. In fact, teachers have found the pupils' handwriting is improved after the typing course. "They get used to seeing the words appear neatly typed on the page," says principal Betty Hollingsworth, "and it makes them want to write better."

How the students themselves feel about the program was made pretty clear when it was announced that the typing room would be kept open after school hours for pupils who signed up for it. The line of children waiting to sign stretched so far down the hallway that teachers thought the school buses had stopped running.

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Lower computation costs aid dairymen

Many dairy herds in Pennsylvania are producing almost 25% more milk than the national average, thanks in part to an IBM computer at Penn State University. While the average cow delivers 10,125 pounds of milk a year, the cows in these herds are delivering 12,675 pounds. In consumer terms that represents about 5,000 additional 8-ounce glasses of milk per cow.

This remarkable yield is a result of selective breeding, based on computer-generated reports on milk production by each cow, and computer-calculated culling and feeding guides for some 235,000 cows.

Called the Dairy Herd Improvement testing program, the service is available to dairy farmers for an annual fee of $9.50 per cow or less, depending on the plan selected.

Each month the dairymen enrolled in the program supply the university with exact figures on just how much feed each of their cows consumes, her milking record and a sample of her milk for butter fat analysis. At the university the data is processed against the stored records for the appropriate cow.

During the 15 years the program has been in effect, according to Larry Pruss of Penn State University's College of Agriculture, ". . . the cost of nearly everything in the program has gone up —with one exception. Our estimated cost of a computer calculation is now actually much less than it was 16 years ago. These reduced data processing costs have definitely helped keep this program practical for the farmer."

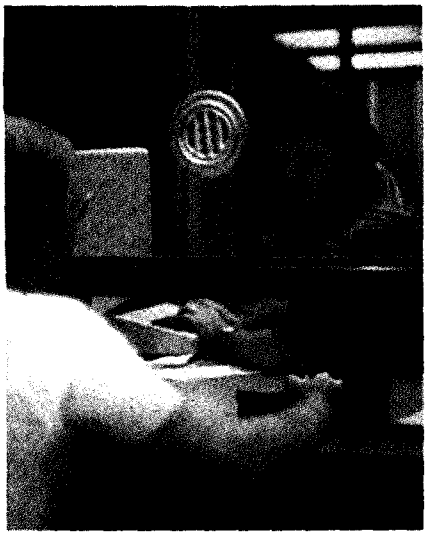
Inventing floods to help control them

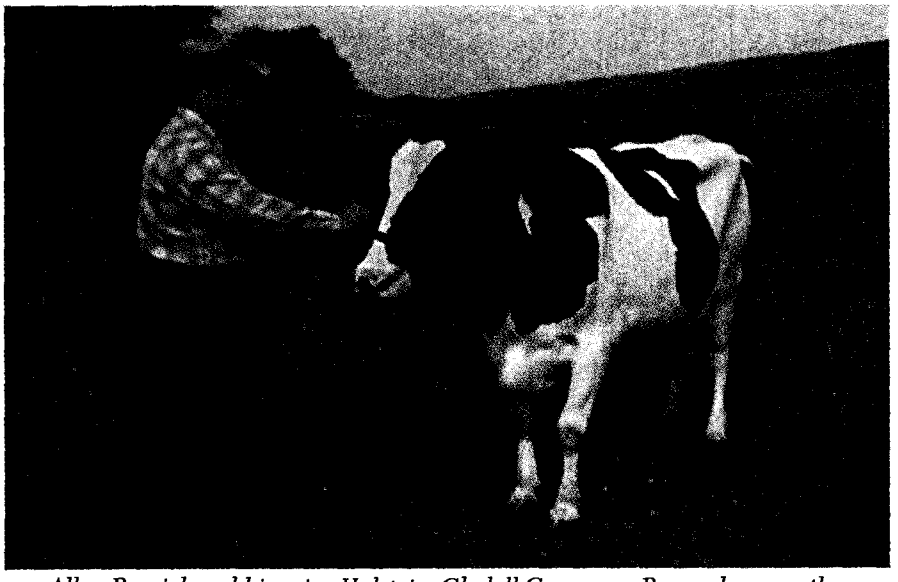
An IBM computer is assisting scientists to study the flooding of Italy's Arno River. It's showing them how the Arno would behave in flooding conditions that have not yet happened so that engineers can make plans to cope with them. The purpose of the project is to help prevent a repetition of the disaster which destroyed priceless art treasures in Florence in 1966.

Aids heart analysis

At any time of day or night heart patients in 23 Florida hospitals can now be linked telephonically to an IBM computer hundreds of miles away. After electrodes are connected from a sending unit to the patient, a special number is dialed. Within three to five minutes information leading to diagnosis will be returned directly to the attending physician. This permits hospitals to provide prompt professional treatment even when a cardiologist is not on the staff.

Located at the Shands Teaching Hospital at the University of Florida, this computer program is now in its fourth year. According to Dr. Lamar Crevasse, director of the project, the computer is capable of reading and analyzing electrocardiograms with a high degree of accuracy.





Allen Rearick and his prize Holstein, Gladell Governess Bess, who recently produced a record of almost 17 tons of milk in one year.

Wanted criminals found after arrest

Wanted criminals are finding out that New Orleans is no place for them to be. When they're arrested in that city, police can tell, almost instantly, if they're wanted for another offense either in New Orleans or in another part of the country. As law breakers are booked, identifying information is entered on a computer keyboard. If they're being sought, that fact is flashed on a video screen. Apprehension of wanted criminals has increased significantly since the computer booking procedure was begun. And citizens in New Orleans, and elsewhere, can breathe a little easier.

IBM®

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by Leo Rosten

The Hypnotism of Words

I fell in love with words at a very early age—perhaps because I was an immigrant child, brought to Chicago (from Poland) when I was three. It is an indescribable, invaluable experience to be transported from one world of words to another, entirely alien, with elders who cannot help you, since their knowledge of the new tongue is no greater than yours.

My parents spoke Yiddish to each other and to me; in our great new world, we all had to fumble our way through the unfamiliar, confusing carnival of sounds that swirled around us—on the street and the stoop, on trolley cars and in stores and . . . well, anywhere we chanced to be.

English became a challenge and an irresistible lure. Just as one destined (perhaps by genes) to be a musician *hears* differently from his fellows, so does one destined to be a writer. But where the boy marked for music wallows in melody, chords, and harmony, the embryonic writer falls slave to the seductive magic of words.

Walter Nash has a marvelous passage in his little-known *Our Experience of Language*:

> In language I make effigies and create ikons. In words, whispering, stumbling words, in the litter and ceaseless drift of words, is my searching for my own identity . . . till at last all burdens are laid down and I need no more words, not even amen and good-night.

Many years after I arrived at Ellis Island, the National Book Committee asked me to write a thematic announcement for National Library Week. Here is what I said:

THE POWER OF WORDS

They sing. They hurt. They teach. They sanctify. They were man's first, immeasurable feat of magic. They liberated us from ignorance and our barbarous past.

For without these marvelous scribbles, which build letters into words, words into sentences, sentences into systems and sciences and creeds, man would be forever confined to the self-isolated prison of the cuttlefish or chimpanzee.

"A picture is worth 10,000 words," goes the time-worn Chinese maxim. "But," one writer tartly said, "it takes *words* to make that point."

We live for words: *love, truth, God.* We fight for words: *freedom, country, fame.* We die for words: *liberty, glory, honor.*

They bestow the priceless gift of articulacy on our minds and hearts—from *Mama* to *infinity*.

And the men who truly shape our destiny, the giants who teach us, inspire us, lead us to deeds of immortality, are those who use words with clarity, grandeur, and passion: Socrates, Jesus, Luther, Lincoln, Churchill.

During National Library Week, Americans, caught between affluence and anxiety, may again give thanks for the endless riches in the kingdom of print.

MY LOVE OF WORDS turned, even when I was in knickers, into a greedy search for new ones. Like a bird-watcher, I seized upon each new specimen with joy. I tried to memorize vast lists of nouns and verbs and adjectives—the more exotic the better—by pasting slips of paper on my mirror, so that I would implant new words in memory as I brushed my teeth or (later) shaved. I set myself the goal of enriching my vocabulary by 25 new words a week; and the effort to find their meaning was the first research I ever did, for it sent me scurrying through dictionaries, thesauruses, odd almanacs, and odder lexicons.

Soon I took to writing each new prize on a two-by-four-inch card—cards paid for, I may say, by forgoing ice-cream cones or candy bars or even beloved pickles. In time, I splurged on a small cardboard filing box, with an index, in which to hoard my treasures. . . .

The other day I found that box, the cards yellowed by time. The words I read were dumbfounding. I could not for the life of me figure out what most of the entries meant (so peculiar or archaic were they) until I read the definitions I had added in my boyish scrawl. It dawned on me that I had never, never used a single one of those ghastly locutions—not once in the millions of words I have written.

So here, to amuse or challenge you, is a pastiche I have concocted from my compulsive collection:

> Hallucal energy, kyphosis, or even gongeozling will avail you naught, nor will expertise in thigmotaxis. For each word here is worthy of isonomy.
>
> Don't think I shall clatterclaw you as a jobbernowl for verbal labefaction or eisegesis. Your conatus in eutaxy should justify jactitation, my gossoon, even if it be fugacious.
>
> Apolaustic writers find thrawn pleasure in such orgulous, epexegetic exercises, but I, from my coign, respond with narial disdain, thou slubberdegullion.

I think this monstrous passage should cure you of reverence for the obscure and make you realize that erudition is not always laudable. Translated into the comprehensible, the dreadful diction above means:

> The energy of your big toe, a curvature of the spine, or even intensive staring will not help you, nor will expertise in the study of touch. Each word here is worthy of equal rights.
>
> Don't think I'll abuse you as having a stupid head or verbal weakening, or for presenting your own thoughts as if they were another's. Your effort at pleasing arrangement should justify boasting, my boy, even if it be fleeting.
>
> Self-indulgent writers find perverse pleasure in such haughty, explanatory exercises, but I, from my point of observation, respond with nasal disdain, you base wretch.

This should hold you 'til we meet again. □

Pizzocheri?

If you think it's an Italian version of pinochle, consult the annual food and wine portfolio in the next issue of *SR/W*. It is stuffed with a pasta glossary, an essay on multinational wines, and an evaluation of whether, after their gastronomic invasion of the United States, the Orientals will retire to the west bank of the alimentary canal.

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 59

GARY Mac EOIN:
NORTHERN IRELAND:
(CAPTIVE OF HISTORY)

The majority believes that, because of the IRA, it must keep the minority down. The minority believes it cannot reject the IRA while the majority is committed to holding it down. Such is the dilemma on the horns of which Northern Ireland is uncomfortably impaled.

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World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENT AND DEVELOPMENT
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THE CONSUMPTION DILEMMA

The final documents emerging from the World Population Conference in Bucharest do not reflect the attention given there to overconsumption and extravagant use of resources by the highly industrialized nations. Sweden was reportedly prepared to introduce several strongly worded resolutions stressing the obligation of the developed nations to restrain consumption but was dissuaded from doing so, primarily by the United States. Innumerable speeches by Third World delegates emphasized the disparity in the use of resources between the developed and developing nations.

In the end only two moderately worded passages were devoted to the subject:

> Recognizing that *per capita* use of world resources is much higher in the more developed than in the developing countries, the developed countries are urged to adopt appropriate policies in population, consumption, and investment, bearing in mind the need for fundamental improvement in international equity. . . .
>
> It is imperative that all countries, and within them all social sectors, should adapt themselves to more rational utilization of natural resources, without excess, so that some are not deprived of what others waste.

It would be difficult for any environmentally or internationally minded person to quarrel with these statements. The problem is how to translate lower consumption in the highly industrialized nations (assuming this could be achieved) to improved conditions in the developing world. Clearly, lower consumption in the wealthy nations does not ensure higher consumption in the poor nations.

On the contrary, the World Bank, in its annual report issued shortly after the Bucharest conference, warned that slower growth in the industrialized countries would hurt the developing countries by reducing their export markets: "Even a modest decline in the long-term rates of growth of the industrialized nations could have a greater impact on the developing countries than the direct impact of the recent increases in commodity prices."

This is the terrible dilemma for which no one has found an answer—neither the advocates of limits to growth nor the supporters of massive foreign aid nor those who contend that the industrialized nations have achieved their wealth purely by exploitation of the poor nations. The apparently attractive proposition that in a finite earth restraints on consumption by the rich are inherently sensible and would allow more for the have-nots is difficult to defend in the world as presently organized. For the fact appears to be that without continued economic growth in the industrialized nations, the developing nations will not obtain the financial resources—either by trade or aid—to rise out of their poverty. For the environmentalist, if not for the economist, this seems a grim paradox.

Nevertheless, there are things that can be done—such as the elimination of the grossest forms of waste, overcoming maldistribution of goods within our own society, and reduction in the use of cereals for meat production. U.S. per capita consumption of energy in 1972, the last "normal" year, was 11.6 metric tons of coal equivalent, compared with 5.4 metric tons for the prosperous, productive West Germans!

The unwillingness of the United States at Bucharest to discuss the issue of consumption angered even some of our Western allies. When the question was raised at a press conference, the number-two man in the delegation, Russell Peterson, chairman of the Council on Environmental Quality, responded that 87 percent of the resources consumed by the American people comes from within the territory of the United States. Moreover, the United States sends abroad both resources and manufactures from domestic resources, so that America's high rate of consumption does not "make for a drain on global supplies."

The head of the U.S. delegation, Caspar Weinberger, Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, had a simpler justification for our heavy consumption. In addition to being "bountifully blessed," he said, Americans "are the hardest-working people in the world."

Perhaps U.S. resistance to discussing the topic in formal session was just as well.

Notes on Bucharest

While the careful reader of the World Population Plan of Action—whatever his persuasion—can find something to console him, what he will not find is any sense of urgency. The tone is struck early in the document. "Man's knowledge and ability to master himself and his environment will continue to grow. Mankind's future can be made infinitely bright."

Anyone who observed the process by which the often contradictory principles and recommendations of the so-called Action Plan were hammered out could hardly be so optimistic. Considering that the document is binding on no one, the bickering, the obduracy in defense of narrow self-interest, and the arrogant discourtesies which accompanied its redrafting hold small promise of an infinitely bright future.

According to a pre-conference study, of the 149 countries invited to the Bucharest conference (135 attended), 85 viewed their population growth rates as "satisfactory," while 22 perceived their rates of population growth to be "deficient" and only 42 considered overpopulation to be a domestic concern of any consequence. Most of those countries that perceive their population growth rates to be satisfactory or deficient are from Latin America (21 countries, with a population of 320 million), Africa (42 countries, with a total population of 400 million), or Europe (40 countries, with 472 million people), while most Asian countries, with populations totaling 2.24 billion, consider themselves overpopulated.

In an effort to involve the world's youth in population problems, the United Nations—at a cost of $300,000—brought to Bucharest about 200 delegates from 80 countries to hold their own unofficial conference before the main event. Discussion of population was virtually ignored as the majority of delegates sought to outdo one another in condemning capitalist and imperialist societies. According to the final statement, the contemporary world is *not* characterized by overpopulation but is instead "characterized by conditions of abject poverty, malnutrition, widespread disease, massive unemployment, and shameful inequality and injustice. . . . The primary causes of these conditions are the exploitative and repressive social, economic, and political structures and institutions, often the legacy of prolonged colonial

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oppression, rather than overpopulation." At one point an Indian delegate stood up and shouted: "Do not go for slogans. You can see what is happening in your own village, your own house, your own country. You must solve your own problems in your own way. And in India we *do* need population policies."

At the governmental conference, leadership of the majority was assumed by Argentina, which alone submitted more than 80 amendments to the Plan of Action. Having recently adopted a militantly pro-natalist policy, Argentina in effect demanded an Action Plan to meet its own peculiar circumstances as a Catholic country with a relatively low birth rate and an ambition to rival Brazil in power and importance.

Almost equally prominent was Algeria, which won the chairmanship of the conference's most important body—the Working Group on the Action Plan. With a chairman dedicated to its mutilation, the Action Plan was not in the tenderest hands. As one Algerian delegate put it: "Let Bucharest mark the end of the I.P.P.F. generation." (I.P.P.F.: International Planned Parenthood Federation, with associations in more than 70 countries.)

Before the conference, the Vatican had led many to believe that it would take a fairly neutral stance. In fact, its delegation was talkative, activist, and on the side of the Communist states on almost every vote. "The egoism of the rich," said the chief delegate of the Holy See, "plays a greater part in the formidable social inequality of today than the fertility of the poor."

At the conclusion of the conference, the Vatican's 10-member delegation was alone in dissociating itself from the Action Plan (which was not put to a formal vote) and in insisting that this be written into the conference record. The plan's implicit support for contraception might lead, the Vatican feared, to "indiscriminate recourse to birth prevention."

According to Huang Shu-tse, China's vice-minister of health and head of the Chinese delegation, the purpose of the World Population Conference was "to carry on and develop the militant spirit of combating the imperialism and hegemonism of the superpowers." The fact that the world's population "has grown rather quickly is not at all a bad thing but a very good thing," for: "In the situation of 'great disorder under Heaven' [the Chinese characterization of the mid-twentieth century], in which the broad masses of the people are increasingly awakening, the large population of the Third World constitutes an important condition for strengthening the struggle against imperialism and hegemonism and accelerating social and economic development. . . .

"What a mass of figures the superpowers have calculated in order to prove that the population is too large, the food supply too small, and natural resources insufficient! But they never calculate the amount of natural resources they have plundered, the social wealth they have grabbed, and the super-profits they have extorted from Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Should an account be made of their exploitation, the truth with regard to the population problem will at once be out!"

Because the United States was viewed as the nation that preeminently considered overpopulation a grave danger to the world, delegates could only wonder how seriously the United States took the conference when the head of its delegation absented himself from Bucharest after his address to the plenary, not to return until the second week of the conference.

More than 1,200 representatives of non-governmental organizations and other conference followers attended the Population Tribune, which provided a meeting place and an extensive program of lectures, seminars, films, and exhibits. Though far better planned and administered than the comparable Environmental Forum at Stockholm, it too was repeatedly disrupted by radical groups, often making question-and-answer periods impossible to conduct. Nevertheless, for those with the patience to put up with the self-styled "non-Malthusians" and execrable receivers for listening to simultaneous translation, the tribune offered the principal intellectual fare and provided many of the headlines.

Ralph Townley, deputy secretary-general of the conference, suggested on more than one occasion during the two-week session that the conference should have been called "The Pill's Grim Progress."

Interdependence?

The World Food Conference convenes November 5 to 16 in Rome. There, the same nations that have rejected any responsibility for curbing populations they cannot feed will look to the United States as the principal among a handful of nations capable of exporting staple foods. It remains to be seen whether the United States will fulfill its responsibilities any better at a world conference where it will be on center stage as never before.

(For those interested in the issue, "World Food: the Political Dimension" by Thomas W. Wilson is recommended. Single copies are available without charge from the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies, 1755 Massachusetts Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.)

India Shows Greater Urgency in Fertility Control

Just days before the World Population Conference convened in Bucharest, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, speaking on nationwide radio and television, told her countrymen bluntly for the first time that India has a serious problem of overpopulation. Previously, the prime minister had been reluctant to discuss the population issue in public, and only two years ago she assured an Indian journalist, "I don't consider the population problem with grave anxiety." Now Mrs. Gandhi has sent a letter to every *sarpanch* (headman) in every one of India's more than 570,000 villages, informing them of the government's concern and urging them to encourage birth control.

In the new five-year plan, funds for family planning are to increase 85 percent. The new minister of health and family planning, Dr. Karan Singh, plans three "crash programs": the training of health workers competent to do much more than dispense contraceptives, so that family planning is integrated with rural health services; a mammoth communications campaign, including television programs beamed by satellite to sets installed in remote villages; and a research program to find a better contraceptive. ("I want a breakthrough equivalent to the explosion of the nuclear device," Dr. Singh has told Indian scientists.) Meanwhile, increased reliance will be placed on the condom, of which only 200 million are produced annually—not quite two per year for each of India's more than 100 million couples of reproductive age.

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Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

Age

The subject being discussed was Age: type "O" for old.

It came up in a conversation with a dear friend, whom for want of a better name we will call Groucho. Come to think of it, in the many years of our cherished friendship, I have never called him by his given name, Julius. Now and then Captain Spalding, but never Julius.

Groucho was visiting New York and invited me to lunch. I found him in his hotel suite, happily flanked, rather enveloped, by two pretty nurses and his attractive executive manager, Ms. Erin Flemming.

When we were alone, I commented on the glamorous harem he had brought with him from the West Coast. Groucho shook his head sadly and confided that at age 83 he was warned by his doctor there were three things he mustn't do anymore. He enumerated them. Scatologically.

As a longtime Groucho observer, I told him I was writing a piece on old age and asked whether I could quote his three mustn'ts. He gave permission but added that the editors of *SR/W* would never allow the quote. I bet him a dollar they would. So I quote—Groucho told me there were three things his doctor warned him he mustn't do: "He mustn't drink; he mustn't smoke."

Technicality or no, I think I win the bet.

Old age, like beauty, is in the eyes of the beholder. Despite Groucho's late-in-life infirmities ("two major minor operations" he called them), in my mind's eye appears a crouchy Groucho, in that ill-fitting frock coat, his grotesque black-painted mustache seemingly bristling with every leering leap he made at the statuesque Margaret Dumont.

That's the way I saw him that afternoon as we pondered the questions of how old is old age; why so many of the over-65s have a hang-up about admitting approaching senior citizenship; and why they don't appreciate that they are on the threshold of a new, freewheeling—and if they play their cards right—joyous life-style where the restrictive and antiquated rules of social behavior don't apply anymore.

We talked about some of the early tell-tale signs that indicate you're getting up there. If a person (okay, I) reads the front page of a paper, and he comes to the end of the column and reads the line "continued on page 61, column 2," and he turns to page 61, and finds a full-page ad, so he turns back to page 1, and the same line now reads "continued on page 51, column 2," and he turns to page 51, where he finds column 2 is a *New York Times* ad describing the special weekly LARGE TYPE edition it prints for people with limited vision, and he turns back to page 1, and the line now reads "continued on page 61, column 5," so he turns to page 61, column 5, but by now he has forgotten what the last line of the story was on page 1, so he . . . et cetera.

Do you relate? Yes? You are now in the early stages of becoming a member of the Serene Seniority Set. And that is only one of the countless daily challenging games you are entitled to play, only one of "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to."

Old age is not merely bingo and shuffleboard. Enjoy the privilege of grumbling when you breakfast in a coffee shop and are irritated by the noise pollution of cold cereals happily swimming in bowls of milk on the tables around you—all that ear-splitting crackling, and snapping, and popping. Act your age. It is your inalienable right to tell 'em to pipe down.

Or when someone tells you of the death of a mutual friend, and you ask how old he was and are told he was 70, and you mutter "So young": You are automatically a paid-up life member of O.A.

Groucho and I disagreed on one thing. He said old age has no birth date; it creeps slowly and inexorably up the human frame. Not true, I replied, and told him of the day I was in an elevator and two attractive girls got on. They smiled. I preened and knew I still had it.

However, when we reached the ground floor, one young thing held the elevator door open for me and the other ran to hold open the heavy street door while I stepped out, a shambles of myself of a moment before. In one elevator ride I had aged 20 years.

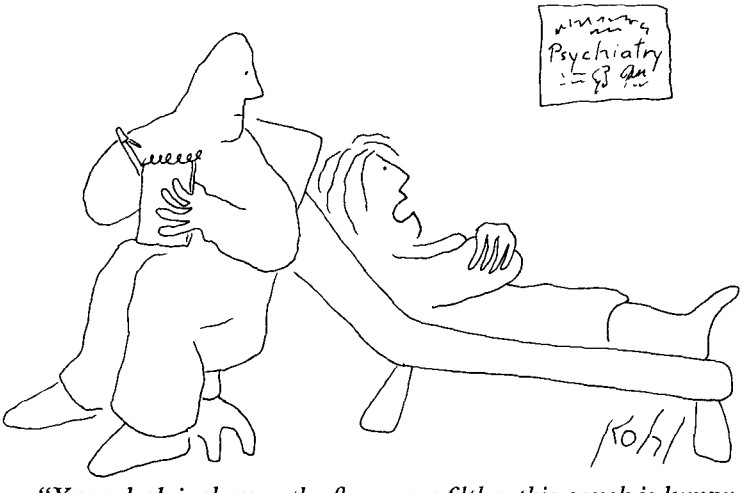
If you've dozed off while reading this piece, don't let it bother you. In your fun-filled December years, you are permitted a dozen daily dozings. Welcome to Dizzyland! □

WIT TWISTER NO. 33
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 66.

Our fickle __ __ __ __ __ __ be-
speak a moral void.
The city __ __ __ __ __ __ itself to
swift decay.
Thus reckless, wanton __ __ __
__ __ was destroyed
Before Jehovah's wrath burnt it
away!

A. S.



"Your desk is sloppy, the floors are filthy, this couch is lumpy, your certificate is crooked, the ceiling needs repainting . . ."

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Film

Comedy: The New King

by Hollis Alpert

Hollywood

The executive building of the 20th Century Fox film studio on Pico Boulevard has three floors, every office of which is occupied by a very important person. One of the largest offices on the third floor is occupied by a short, 48-year-old man who has a mobile grin and bears the name of Mel Brooks. He is a man very much in charge of a very important project called *Young Frankenstein*, which, come December, is expected to go right through the roof into the realm of the big-time grossers. It is only recently that Mel Brooks has become important enough to deserve his imposing office quarters. His *Blazing Saddles*, still in release, is one of 1974's biggest box-office hits, and no one quite knows how to explain it other than to say it contains a full quota of sight gags and improbable happenstances, such as a black becoming mayor of a western town in 1874, Count Basie and his band playing in the desert, and Brooks himself featured as an Indian chief whose tribal language is Yiddish.

It may be a bit soon to raise Mel Brooks to film-auteur status, but with one short Academy Award–winning film to his credit, with two features that demonstrated his comic talents but did poorly at the box office, with *Blazing Saddles*, and now with *Young Frankenstein* and three more pictures to go on his Fox contract, he is a prime candidate. Surely he has the prerequisites. He writes, he directs, he has a personal style, and he is in the process of forging a body of work. More important, for those of us who merely like to be entertained at the movies, he is one of two geniuses engaged in resurrecting film comedy–the other, of course, being Woody Allen.

Both, as it turns out, first cut their comic teeth while they worked on the late and lamented "Show of Shows," of Fifties television fame. Mel Brooks wrote for Sid Caesar, Imogene Coca, and Carl Reiner for nearly 10 years; Woody Allen, younger, came later. He is not in the least concerned about the competition Allen now represents. For one thing, *Blazing Saddles* out-grossed Allen's latest, *Sleeper*, and that, as Hollywood "management" reckons these matters, makes him the king. Also: "Woody and I don't get in each other's way—we do different things. His comedy takes a more cerebral tack than mine does. I've always been very broad. There are critics who regard me as just a vulgar primitive. I never quarrel."

HAVING BEEN BORN in Brooklyn, Brooks began his comic development very early in life. "Genetically," he explained, "I was always an *amusant*. I was the baby of the family, and that puts you into a performing area. Then, too, I was short. My peer group was older, taller, and stronger; so I had to have my own thing –comedy."

He regards it as ironic and not a little wondrous that new directions in film comedy are the result of television, which had much to do with killing it. "In a sense, Woody and I are spin-offs of the 'Show of Shows.' We never hesitated to be outrageous. Yet, my first two features, *The Producers* and *The Twelve Chairs*, failed to make it in any big way. Oh, nice reviews, but after those films I couldn't get another project off the ground. I didn't know what to do for a living; I was going broke. Here, Mel Brooks, of all people, was failing. What's going on? I asked myself. The world must be wrong. I credit television with preparing the way for my reemergence into the sunlight. I speak specifically of programs such as 'All in the Family' and 'Sanford and Son,' with their ethnically based humor. I never expected *Blazing Saddles* to work in the little hamlets and Akron, Ohio. But it did, and it does."

He took on *Blazing Saddles* purely and simply because he needed a job. Judy Feiffer (former wife of Jules), a Warner Brothers story editor, had liked his two previous films and was in the habit of sending him scripts on the chance he might want to direct one. "I didn't want to do a studio picture; I wanted to do what I wanted to do. But I was fast running out of money when she sent me the best of the lot, a rough script written by Andrew Bergman that struck me as having potential. I sat down with the Warner's people and proposed an arrangement. Let me have Bergman and three other writers, give me some seed money, and we'll write it the way we used to do the 'Show of Shows.' They agreed.

Gene Wilder attempts to "create a marvelo

Five of us got together for four months and came up with a rough draft of 412 pages, enough for a movie of seven to eight hours. Warner's then funded another go at it. This time we got it to 275 pages, or approximately twice the length of a shooting script. When they told us to proceed to shooting script, I decided I wanted to direct it. *Badly*. I *loved* it. I said to Warner's management, You're crazy to do this, but if you want to, it's on your own head. Then, at the previews, it was scary. The laughs were too big to believe. I said: Wait a minute, I generally get a few laughs in the balcony. I'm very special. Then it sank in that we had a hit, and how did it feel? *Great*!"

AT THIS POINT his agents informed him that all indications were that he was "hot," and consequently in today's turbulent Hollywood conditions they must strike fast and hard and make the heavy deals. "Here," he said, "it gets complicated. I had persuaded Gene Wilder to play the Waco Kid in *Blazing Saddles*, and while doing it, he mentioned to me that he had this script idea and asked whether I would be interested in doing it with him. The idea turned out to be what is now *Young Frankenstein*. Columbia wanted to make it, but a disagreement over the budget caused us to look elsewhere. Contrary to popular belief, movie executives do read scripts, sometimes very fast. The Fox executives, among whom is Gordon Stulberg, the president of the company, read it over-

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son." Mel Brooks (right) looks on.

night, gave us the budget we wanted, plus that all-important matter for a director, final cut. Care to look at a few reels?"

The above conversation took place in the third-floor office. We took the fire escape down to the first floor—Brooks claiming the elevator was too slow—where he spotted someone he knew. The man had long hair and wore dark glasses, a floppy black hat, faded blue jeans, an embroidered denim jacket, and a chain and pendant around his neck. "Why are you a traitor to your generation?" Brooks yelled at him. The man retreated in confusion and discomfiture. "He's 52," Brooks groused on the way to the editing theater. "Why does he have to dress like the generation that nearly ruined this town? Why are we on the defensive?"

Before signaling the projectionist to run one of the reels, he explained that his film was made in black and white because he felt he couldn't properly salute (while satirizing) "those wonderful James Whale films of the Thirties by using gory Hammer Films–Christopher Lee color." He hadn't seen *Andy Warhol's Frankenstein* and didn't intend to. "I can't complain about their use of the title," he said, "since it isn't ours anyway. Theirs is all camp, I understand. Ours is traditional. The whole thing is shot in the style of the Thirties—lots of wipes and iris shots, and we end love scenes with close-ups of logs blazing up suddenly in the fireplace. But it takes place today. Does that make sense?"

The film begins with the will of Dr. Victor Frankenstein being transported to New York, where it is presented to his great grandson, Gene Wilder, a lecturer on neurosurgery. Soon enough he is on his way to Transylvania, where he will claim the ancestral estate. I noticed that every story point was accompanied by flashes of lightning and loud rolls of thunder.

"You'll notice," he said to me, "that Gene Wilder is playing it straight, but little by little his essential madness begins to peep through. When he discovers the older Frankenstein's formulas, he scoffs at first, but then he can't resist the attempt to create a marvelous person. He sends his assistant, Igor, out to find the necessary parts, including the brain of a near-saint, but Igor naturally errs and returns with the wrong brain."

Igor, I discovered, was being played by an English comedian, Marty Feldman. His humpback has a way of unsettling Wilder, for it keeps moving from one side to the other. The housekeeper of the Gothic castle is played by no one less than Academy Award–winning Cloris Leachman, and the monster by Peter Boyle.

Frankenstein's laboratory gave me a sense of *déjà vu*. It turned out to be the original laboratory of the Thirties films. The special-effects man who had designed the lab for *The Bride of Frankenstein* had preserved all his props and set them up for Brooks exactly as they had been the first time. "Works fine, too," Brooks said. "Wilder builds his monster in no time at all, though he has trouble getting him to sit up."

BACK IN HIS OFFICE, Brooks talked about the decline in comedy and his admiration for the old masters, Chaplin, Keaton, and Lloyd. "These days," he said, "movie comedy is dangerous, considering the state of the industry. When a comedy doesn't work, fails to get its quota of laughs, it's a failure, and word gets out very quickly. I worship the golden age of comedy, which is mainly physical. Hopefully, Woody and I will be catalytic in bringing it back. The success of *Sleeper* and *Blazing Saddles* perhaps indicates that there's a widespread audience hungry for comedy, for the simpler kind of film entertainment it represents.

"My job as a humorist, as I see it, is to take the audience and get it to look at something from the side instead of straight on. There are no schools for comic filmmakers. You're on your own and must hope that what strikes you as funny will also strike a lot of others. The script is the raft you float on. We shot the script and only improvised on the set after I met the requirements of the story."

His mood turned serious, as though it was important to stress that comedy has its deeper implications. "In good comedy," he said, "there's always a scintilla of reason. In my films I suppose you can say that behind the laughs there's an examination of good and bad, of greed, rottenness, pettiness. It's important for me to have a philosophical base, even though I disguise it. In *Frankenstein*, as I see it, we're dealing with the concept of womb envy. Dr. Frankenstein is not happy competing with women on a Michelangelo or da Vinci basis. That's not profound enough for him. He wants to make a baby, and does. I also see the monster as symbol of the intellectual or scientific mind. To the ignorant, that mind is always frightening."

Is *Young Frankenstein*, then, an essentially serious film? "It's a lovely film," he said, with a straight face, "as well as being hysterically funny." □

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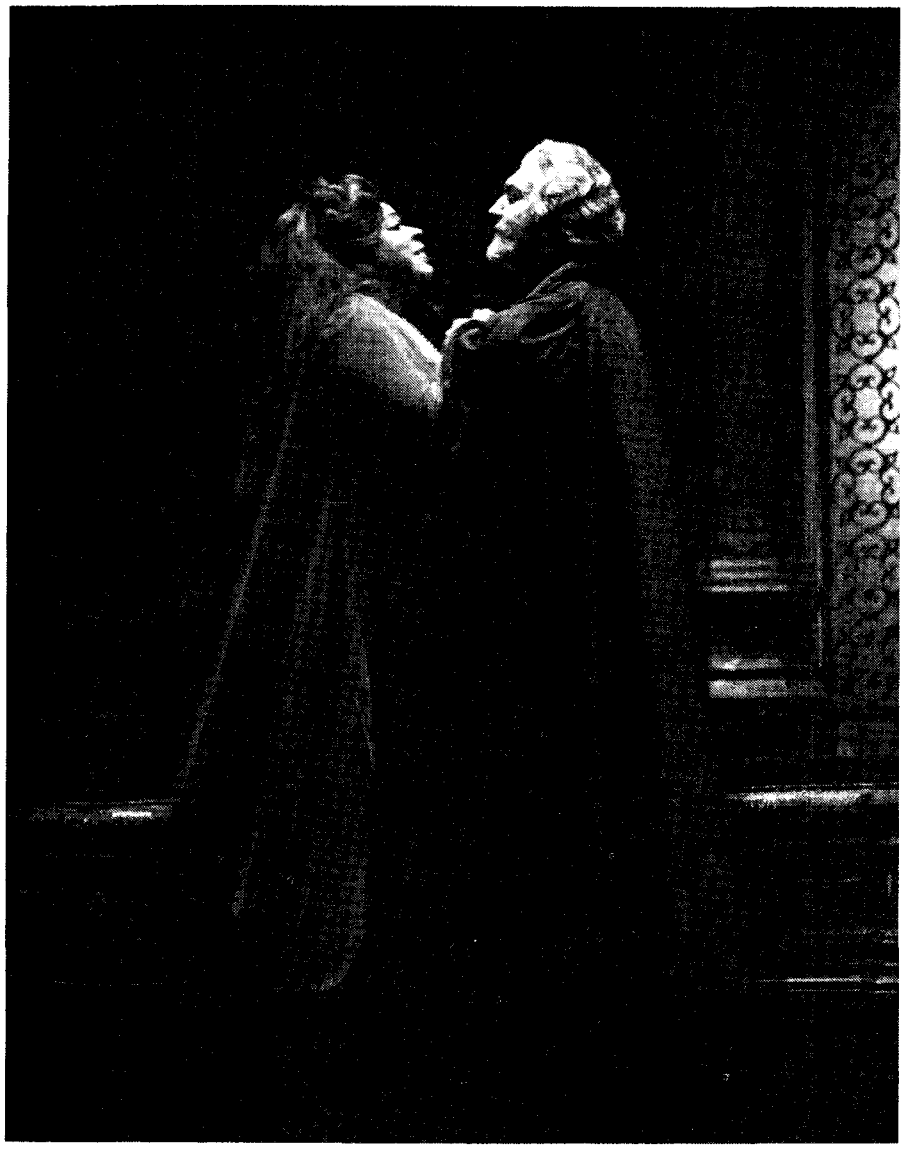

David H. Fishman

Martina Arroyo as Amelia and Piero Cappuccilli in the title role of Simon Boccanegra*—"Alternately excellent and inept."*

Verdi for Openers

by Irving Kolodin

Chicago

Has it been 20 years for the Lyric Opera of Chicago since Carol Fox brought Maria Callas for her American debut in *Norma* in 1954? What was then only a gleam in the founder's eye has become a national institution, which well deserved the conjunction—in its recent opening with *Simon Boccanegra*—with the first biennial congress in America of the Istituto di studi verdiani.

Attracted to its discussions (which over a decade have produced some of the most searching material in print on the composer and his works) were reviewers, critics, and musicologists from the worldwide community of music, including the U.S.S.R. They were "attracted," more precisely, by the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Lee A. Freeman, Sr., who underwrote the invitations that brought them to Chicago. A Chicago lawyer whose interest in music has been closely identified with the Fine Arts Quartet, Mr. Freeman enabled the congress to join its discussion of *Boccanegra* with a new production of the work itself (underwritten by the Gramma Fisher Foundation).

Like *Macbeth* and *Don Carlos, Boccanegra* was revised and revived 20 or so years after its first, less than wholly successful, production in 1857. This invited a good deal of learned comment on (1) the obtuseness of the first audience —which was, perhaps, expecting another *Rigoletto* or *La Traviata*—in not recognizing the new direction the composer had taken, (2) the manner in which Verdi, with the literary assistance of the brilliant Arrigo Boito, made a near-masterpiece from the prior failure.

If there is a slight contradiction in these contentions, such is the way of symposia. They deal, by definition, less with the pragmatic and the rational than with position papers designed to exhibit the insight, shrewdness, and persuasiveness of the speakers. They invariably make better reading in post-publication than they do listening. Indeed, after Massimo Bogianckino, artistic director of La Scala, had finished rehearsing—at great length and in boring detail—the critical reactions to the first and second versions of *Boccanegra*, there was some doubt that it was worth going to hear, two hours later.

Fortunately, there were some among his listeners who had heard it not merely once before but in a variety of productions since it was introduced to America at the Metropolitan in the Thirties. Indeed, *Boccanegra* has been so exposed to trial by fire in Chicago and San Francisco as well as in New York that its durable values have been fused in the lore of such singers as Lawrence Tibbett, Leonard Warren, and Tito Gobbi; Elisabeth Rethberg, Renata Tebaldi, and Zinka Milanov; Giovanni Martinelli, Richard Tucker, and others.

There wasn't one of these, of whatever range or persuasion, who wouldn't have been preferable to the performers offered by the Chicago Lyric in its new production. What was seen and heard from a cast headed by Martina Arroyo (Amelia), Carlo Cossutta (Gabriele), and Piero Cappuccilli (Simon) was alternately excellent and inept, and often so from the same performer. The organizational effort provided by Bruno Bartoletti as music director, Pier Luigi Pizzi as designer, and its chorus master Michael Lepore, was thoroughly professional. But the general ability of the principals was not the whole answer to the special problems of this work.

BOCCANEGRA IS AN ODDITY among the mature operas of Verdi in finding its center of gravity, not in the high tones of sopranos and tenors, but in the low range and artistic conviction of the baritones and bass required for several of its principal male roles. Crucial among the roles is that of Fiesco, who sings the famous bass aria *"Il lacerato spirito"* in the open-

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ing scene and is later called upon to sustain the low line in the swelling ensembles for which the opera is celebrated. This cast provided, as Fiesco, Ruggeri Raimondi, an established Italian artist of vigor and considerable stage presence. But he is at best a bass-baritone rather than a true basso. He did not come close to glorifying the role's vocal opportunities as the Hungarian Mihály Székely did in the Forties or the Finnish Martti Talvela might today.

The Doge was performed by Piero Cappuccilli, who came to New York as a much younger singer in 1960, to pick up a schedule of *Boccanegra* performances left vacant when Leonard Warren collapsed and died on stage (during *La Forza del destino*). Cappuccilli was then admired for the breadth of his solid baritone sound and allowed the possibility of growing into the mammoth role of the imperious Doge, who lives dangerously and dies heroically for his belief that Genoa and Venice could learn to co-exist when the unity of Italy was still centuries in the future.

CAPPUCCILLI HAS PROTECTED WELL the richness of his sound, which is now darker and warmer in quality. But he lacks the power of dramatic projection possessed by the best of prior Boccanegras. One watches and listens, sometimes with admiration, often with appreciation, to his art as a singer—but rarely with the absorption that determines whether the inner life of a character is being re-created. It was no aid to dramatic credibility that the stage director, Giorgio De Lullo, decreed that Cappuccilli, as the poisoned Doge, stand on his feet for 15 minutes or more before he expired. Certainly one of his courtiers could have found him a chair on which to enact, humanely, the transition from painful life to mortifying death.

In one of the pre-performance discussions of *Boccanegra*, De Lullo expounded on the ways in which a man trained, as he was, in the dramatic theater could amend and extend the resources of those to whom singing is the main consideration. Some of what he did with the ensembles was intelligently conceived; but too much of what he imparted to the principals was derived from gestures and posture more suitable to the spoken word than to the musical stage. It left such performers as Martina Arroyo (whose ample voice is heavier than an Amelia's should be) and Carlo Cossutta (a conventional tenor) very much as nature made them: primarily concerned with notes and words as the first and second priorities, with dramatic credibility somewhere down the line.

This is, of course, in the nature of the shallow pool of talent at present available to a company bold enough to venture *Simon Boccanegra*. Pizzi's admirably simple stage design included a towering, cathedral-like council chamber for the imposing spectacle at the end of Act 1 and properly pictorial arrangements for the other scenes (though, had I lived in Genoa in 1398, I would not have had, in my palace, the heroic equestrian statue that Pizzi preferred for the first scene of Act 2).

In the aggregate the real feat of Carol Fox and company was not so much the excellencies or unevennesses of this *Boccanegra,* but the preservation, through 20 years, of the will to continue. After decades, earlier in the century, when Chicago was dependent on the largesse of a McCormick or an Armour, or their wealthy equivalents, for intermittent opera seasons, Lyric Opera has developed a broad community base under the energetic leadership of Miss Fox and the architect of its subscription support, canny Danny Newman. They will persevere, one is confident, until there is again a worldwide source of proper operatic talent from which Chicago can annually draw the share to which its public is entitled.

At the Metropolitan, Schuyler Chapin, with one-tenth of the experience of Miss Fox, began his second season as general manager with an opening week riddled with problems. Some—such as his opening with Verdi's *Vespri Siciliani,* in which it became necessary to replace the ailing Montserrat Caballé with Cristina Deutekom—were not of his making. Other problems—such as the performances in which Elinor Ross sang the title role of *Turandot,* Maralin Niska was offered as Tosca, and Judith Blegen ventured Juliette in Gounod's *Roméo*—were. The deviation, in emergencies, from the standard of "international opera," on which the Metropolitan pitches its premium prices, can be excused if not condoned; the planning that results in the same deviation can be neither excused nor condoned.

There were, nevertheless, one or two causes for rejoicing: Placido Domingo's return in fine form (which includes the trim figure he presented as well as the sound of his voice as Arrigo in *Vespri* and *Roméo* vis-à-vis Miss Blegen) portends a new level of quality in a quarter where it is most welcome. And Henry Lewis showed, in his direction of Gounod's score, the capacity to justify the new opportunities that have come his way. Sherrill Milnes, too, is steadily becoming the leading baritone for which he has all the natural endowment.

Chapin, incidentally, has been drawing more than prudently on the roster of the New York City Opera to support his own lax planning. Intelligent Metropolitan patrons cannot fail to question why they should pay premium prices for singers offered across the plaza for half as much. □

"Thanks for the apple, Buckminster—but what on earth possessed you to do that silly whittling on it?"

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Theater

Mime on the Streets

by Barbara Mackay

When the French aerialist Philippe Petit walked across a wire stretched between the twin towers of New York City's World Trade Center one day last summer, he was not literally performing on the Manhattan pavement, but it was street theater just the same: a free performance, intended to entertain anyone who happened to be watching.

An admittedly loose term, "street theater" these days embraces everything from circuses to puppet shows to drama to dance: The Theater for the New City, which offers farcical scenes from New York City life; the Incredible Journey, which tells ancient myths through music and dance; el Teatro Ambulante, which combines poetry and song to celebrate its Puerto Rican heritage; the Pilobolus Dance Theater, which combines modern dance, mime, and gymnastics to evoke states of mind, moods, or ideas; the PWIFS, which entertains children with African masks and mythology. Last summer these and countless other groups performed in the broiling sun or drizzling rain on street corners and in plazas and parks throughout the country.

Most of these groups don't get the kind of attention Petit did, though. Although many of them are funded by prestigious organizations, from the New York State Council on the Arts to the Chemical Bank, their performances usually go on unadvertised and unreviewed in ghettos, migrant camps, and culturally deprived exurban areas throughout the United States.

Unlike commercial theatrical producers, who spare no expense to induce audiences to pay their way into a theater, street artists spend what little money they have to bring their shows out-of-doors to the people who can't afford to pay for entertainment. In return, the artists may be booed; they may get the makings of a garden salad thrown at them; they may receive threats from offended ethnic groups. Or they may get shouts of "That's how it is!" and bursts of applause. Either way, performing in the streets before uninhibited audiences, competing with family quarrels, trucks, and portable radios is more challenging and—depending on one's boiling point—more frustrating or more exciting than acting indoors.

Until about 1968 New York had no street theater. Professionals toured the city each summer, but the communities themselves were not involved in production. In an effort to change the pattern, actress Geraldine Fitzgerald and a Catholic priest, Brother Jonathan Ringcamp, O.S.F., went to Coney Island, got a small stage, and worked out an adaptation of the medieval play *Everyman*. They accepted anyone who wanted to work with them, and their mammoth Everyman Company still observes the same rule today: No one is auditioned; no one is turned away.

Most street theaters are mobile, just as the medieval pageant players were. They usually have a truck that can be converted into a stage by dropping three sides and adding a backdrop to the remaining wall. Although some groups use elaborate sound systems—electric instruments, tape recorders, amplifiers—and though the groups that perform at night require lights, the basic requirements for all street theater are simple: a raised platform and a curious public.

From the unknown mime in Central Park who attracts a crowd without using words, to the world-renowned drummer Olatunji, whose troupe creates a spectacle of African song and dance, the impulse of most street artists is to entertain. They may want to satirize current urban conditions, as does the Off-Center Theater, which last summer presented a 10-episode soap opera about a young girl trying to survive alone in New York City. Or they may be trying to build up ethnic pride, as do the Oriental Actors of America, the Puerto Rican Playwrights/Actors Workshop, and the Weeksville United Actors Company, a black workshop that runs a program for children and adults in Brooklyn. There is even one ensemble, the Theater for the Forgotten/Wildcat Workshop, that seeks to rehabilitate people on parole, in drug programs, and on welfare by letting them create an original show. That they are one of the most dynamic street theater groups after rehearsing together for only 13 weeks suggests that professional training and experience are not the most important factors in street theater. What counts is energy and the will to entertain.

To some street performers, though, enjoyment—theirs or the audience's—is not the main objective. Like the agitprop (agitational propaganda) theaters

Barbara Mackay

Living Theater—Combining drama and politics in street demonstrations.

of the Thirties, they want to teach and are primarily interested in the political, not the artistic, impact of drama. Many of these groups—the radical guerrilla theaters—grew up in the Sixties along with the civil-rights and anti-war movements. Radical Arts Troupes (affiliated with S.D.S.) formed on campuses from Princeton to Berkeley and played anti-capitalist, anti-government, anti-war skits. Street theater, which depends on simple characters, fast dialogue, and clear plot line in order to grab and hold the attention of passersby, was a perfect vehicle for activists, because it lent itself so readily to their political distinctions between the bad guys (the military/industrial complex, the police, and the like) and the good guys (the enlightened worker, the Vietnamese peasant, for instance).

At one time, the best agitprop groups (The Teatro Campesino, The San Francisco Mime Troupe, The Free Southern Theater, The Bread and Puppet Theater) were tremendously important to the anti-war, civil-rights, and farm workers' movements. These days, though, political theater erupts only from time to time: for instance, in the Living Theater's demonstrations last summer against grocery stores selling non-union lettuce and grapes. Wearing tattered garments dyed purple and green, the group formed a picket line of continually shifting shapes, chanting in

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Spanish and English, "What is man? What is a strike? What is work? Grapes and lettuce taste like blood. . . . An injury to one is an injury to all." Of course it's difficult to tell just how effective this kind of street theater is, particularly in an eastern urban area, where the problems of the migrant workers in California may seem remote. At the demonstration I saw in the Bronx, the audience seemed more curious than revolutionized.

The New York Street Theater Caravan takes a different approach. Instead of demonstrating, it dramatizes the plight of the migrant worker in *Bitter Harvest*, an adaptation of John Steinbeck's novel *The Grapes of Wrath*. At the beginning and the end of the performance, the director, soft-spoken, Czechoslovakian-born Marketa Kimbrell, simply announces that the company is performing on behalf of the United Farm Workers (U.F.W.). Any political connections to be made are left up to the audience.

Every summer the Caravan goes on tour, playing in rural areas and prisons throughout the United States. This year they took *Bitter Harvest* to Salinas, Calif., to perform for and do benefits for the U.F.W. It's not surprising that Cesar Chavez opened up his union headquarters to house the Caravan. It's a group of talented, hardworking individuals, as engaging off-stage as they are on, who function perfectly as an ensemble—something of a rarity among professional actors and actresses. Whether they are acting or transforming their truck into a stage or doing a puppet show for the children who inevitably gather before a street performance, the Caravan members share the work, the roles, the praise—even the peanut butter, when it comes to that—to keep their show on the road.

Like the New York Street Theater Caravan, most street groups do collaborative works, letting their shows grow out of improvisations and rehearsal sessions, instead of beginning with a written script. Chicago's Free Street Theater, for instance, does a series of scenes about the worker, based on Studs Terkel's recent book, *Working*. The Rhode Island Feminist Theater borrowed the Greek myth of Demeter and Persephone as a foundation for their most recent show. The group—which includes three men—collectively devised scenes from the myth to show man's prehistoric usurpation of woman's power (her ability

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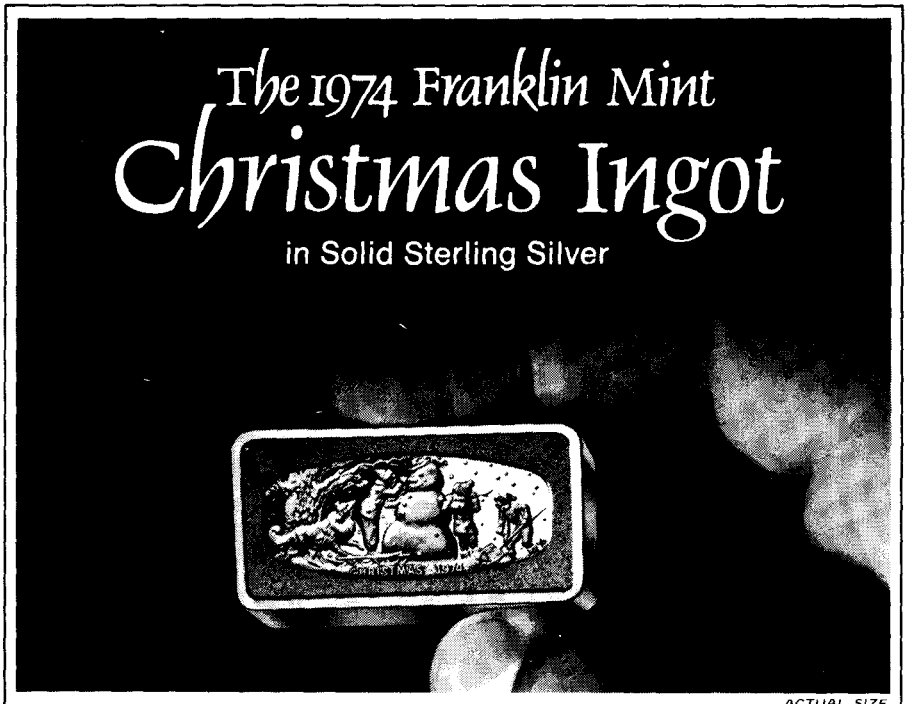

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to give life), then interspersed them with corresponding scenes from contemporary life, to illustrate familiar patterns of male aggression and female passivity.

Still other groups have their own playwrights. This past summer, ITALIA, Media Age, Inc., and the People's Performing Company each did plays by Peter Copani, a young Sicilian-American writer whose boyish grin, unruly hair, and perpetual motion give him the appearance of an agitated angel. Having come to New York as a teenager barely able to read and with no money, Copani got to know the city's street culture firsthand and eventually began setting his knowledge to song, separating the songs with bits of dialogue. Though some of his lyrics tend toward a simplistic celebration of life (as in "I Love the Sun"), his characters and situations usually ring true. Like a documentary writer, Copani begins with facts. His *Blind Junkie*, for example, is a chilling reflection of Copani's own experience with drugs and poverty, and his *Street Jesus* was inspired by the gang fights between Italian and Puerto Rican teenagers of a New York community two years ago. By getting the factions to talk to one another about their prejudices, dividing them so that some Puerto Ricans played Italians and vice versa, Copani helped cool down the neighborhood and in the process wrote some distinctively folk-urban American songs, like "Playing Dominoes and Drinking Rheingold Beer."

Not that street theater always unifies a community. Last summer Brother Jonathan's latest rock musical/morality tale *Elena*, offended some New York Italians resulting in anonymous threats and requests from the Italian Anti-Defamation League that *Elena*'s funding be cut off. But despite its problems, *Elena*—an adaptation of the Helen of Troy story, complete with an Italian wedding, a gang war à la *West Side Story*, and a religious procession in which a huge Madonna figure doubles as a Trojan horse—provided a sensational conclusion to the Lincoln Center Community Street Theater Festival.

That festival, which began several years ago with a production of the original *Everyman*, is now an annual two-week-long event, to which street-theater companies from all over the country apply in hopes they will be selected to perform. Because its material comes directly from the streets, the festival can accurately register the mood of America's urban areas. This year, the emphasis seemed to be on social and political unity, rather than on disparity. Though there was still implicit racial antagonism in the skits of certain ethnic groups, there was nothing like the direct accusations and overt hatred that dominated much street theater three years ago. Instead of expressing rage and demanding revenge, the productions now are aimed at illustrating two main themes: the suicidal effects of addiction to drugs or alcohol and the need for racial pride and solidarity.

This past summer the festival was sponsored by Exxon, which, if it can't give us reasonably priced gas, at least is giving us free theater. In addition, it has given a lot of talented young performers recognition and, for some, their first paychecks. And, equally important, it's reminded many New Yorkers and tourists who drift across the Lincoln Center Plaza in late summer that some of the most vibrant theater in America originates on streets far from Forty-second and Broadway. □

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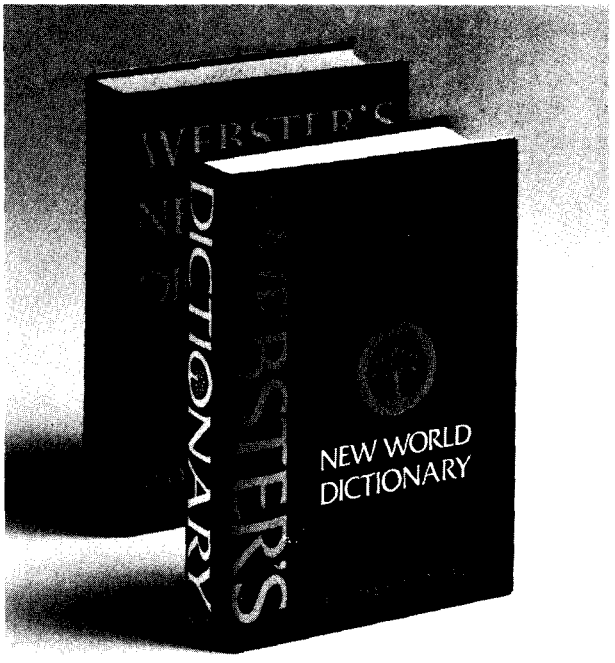

COLLINS WORLD

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The All-Too-Human Enterprise Called Science

The subject matter of science is, in my biased view, endlessly fascinating. But equally fascinating is how—and why—scientists do what they do. The articles in this issue deal with this aspect of the scientific enterprise. Most laymen probably still think of scientists as dispassionately objective observers, investigators of the physical world dedicated to a detached quest for truth—men and women who sift all the available data and, through a process of logical analysis, create theories that they then test through experiment, finally arriving at some universal principle such as Planck's Constant or the Second Law of Thermodynamics. This view of scientific discovery—fostered by popular-science literature, classroom teaching, and sometimes by scientists themselves—is not altogether mythical; but neither does it tell anything like the whole story.

Scientists usually know better. This is clear from psychologist Ian Mitroff's article (beginning on page 64) about the lunar scientists. He studied them while *they* studied the moon. Most of Mitroff's subjects freely admitted their passions and prejudices, and some even argued that these were desirable qualities rather than handicaps. A scientist can be as opinionated as any partisan politician and may trust his intuition as readily as an artist or a poet does. He is above all thoroughly human.

STRICT OBJECTIVITY and detachment might in some circumstances actually get in the way of perceiving an unexpectedly revealed truth. Inasmuch as scientific discovery comes about, as often as not, by sheer happenstance—as neurobiologist James Austin points out in his insightful article "The Roots of Serendipity" (on page 60)—fortunate is the investigator who can recognize a windfall when he sees one.

Though a scientist can be as strongly attached to his dogmas as any theologian, and defend them with equal fervor, what ultimately saves him is a built-in principle of science which says that all truth—all scientific knowledge at least—is tentative. It is true only so long as it fits the observed facts. If a scientist resists new evidence that threatens to destroy a cherished belief, as is frequently the case, he must nevertheless finally accept the verdict of his peers—and usually does so with good grace. In the fast-changing world of biology and medicine, scientists have grown so accustomed to jettisoning their favorite ideas that they try hard not to get too attached to them.

On the same summer night when Richard Nixon was resigning the presidency, I happened to be in Bar Harbor, Me., attending a lecture at the Jackson Laboratory—mainly famous as the world's largest breeder and supplier of purebred strains of laboratory mice, but also an important research center in its own right, especially in the areas of cancer and genetics. I was one of 10 writers invited to attend a short course in genetics sponsored annually by the National Foundation-March of Dimes. That evening, the other writers, mostly newspaper people, had stayed back at the hotel, mesmerized by the television set. I, too, planned to leave early enough to hear the President but didn't quite make it on time, because I was spellbound by the spectacle (if a verbal performance can be called that) of a cherished neo-Darwinian belief being impeccably demolished by Prof. Samuel Boyer III of Johns Hopkins. He was discussing molecular evolution, with special focus on DNA, the molecules that make up the cell's manual of genetic instruction. The prevailing belief has been that DNA's cardinal function is to direct the manufacture of proteins—which does seem to be every cell's principal occupation. A gene, in fact, has been defined as the stretch of DNA containing the instructions for making a given protein. In this context, evolution—Darwinian natural selection—was the result of the accumulation, over the millennia, of single-gene mutations.

Dr. Boyer spelled out why, in his view, mutations in proteins could not possibly account for the springing up of such a diversity of species. Does this mean Darwinism is dead? Not at all, said Boyer. It means rather that we have been looking in the wrong place.

The cell's chromosomes contain much more DNA than is necessary for protein synthesis—"redundant," reiterative sequences that take no part in protein manufacture. Because they are "inactive," some have even referred to it as "junk DNA"—extra, useless stuff. But now Boyer believes it is the junk DNA that contains the secrets of molecular evolution, that those reiterative sequences are what makes the difference between a man and a chimp, a snake and a lamprey. Whether or not it turns out to be so, this new turn of events reminds us of the prematurity of ever pronouncing any biological material to be useless.

A dozen other examples can be quickly cited. But one only needs to think of "useless" items such as the tonsils, adenoids, and appendix—which have lately been recognized as lymphoid tissue, playing a role after all in the body's immune system. Fortunately the role they play is not a crucial one.

At least, not so far as anyone now knows.

ALBERT ROSENFELD
Science Editor

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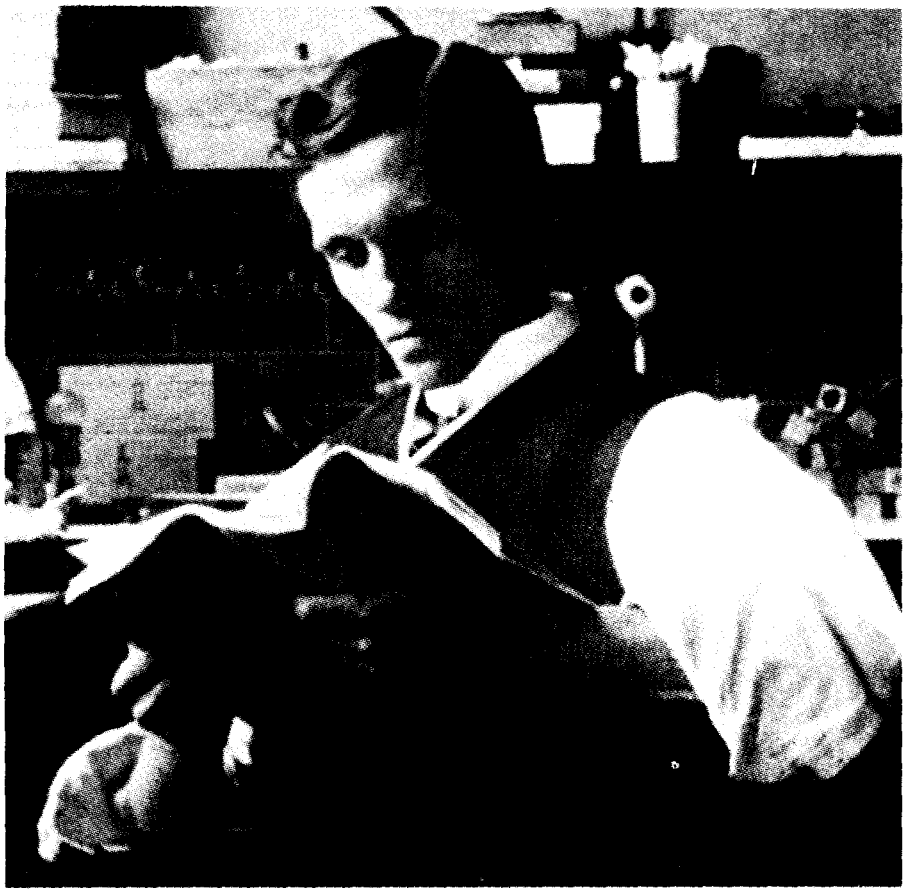

Penicillin discoverer Alexander Fleming—A case study in serendipity at work.

The Roots of Serendipity

Humankind, says a noted scientist, is like the lowly turtle: We inch forward only if we stick our necks out and take chances.

by James H. Austin

What is life but a series of inspired follies? The difficulty is to find them to do. Never lose a chance: it doesn't come every day. —George Bernard Shaw

It is never entirely in fashion to mention luck in the same breath as science. Science is considered a rational endeavor, and the investigator is supposed to make discoveries for logical reasons by virtue of his own intellectual hard work. As everyone no doubt knows, however, discoveries *do* come about through chance, but this fact becomes more impressive only when it happens to you personally.

Take, for example, something that happened to me a few years ago. A physician-investigator, I was directing a laboratory team studying a rare form of hereditary epilepsy. The disorder is called Lafora's disease, after its discoverer, and in it the nerve cells contain distinctive round, red-staining particles, called Lafora bodies. We knew if we could discover the chemical composition of these tiny spherules, it would help us eventually understand the metabolic cause of the disease. However, when we first analyzed the Lafora bodies isolated by my colleague, Dr. Yokoi, we drew a blank. We were up a blind alley, asking the wrong questions, using the wrong analytical method.

At this point, my dog, Tom, led us to the answer—but only by a curious combination of circumstances. Tom was a high-spirited Brittany spaniel which frequently coursed far afield. One day we were out hunting—his hobby and mine—in thick cover, and to know where he was, I took the precaution of tying a bell to the front of his collar. The bell is worth noting.

A few days later I noticed a rapidly growing mass on the front of Tom's neck. The mass was hard enough to be a malignant growth, and my surgical colleague, who was doing research on malignant tumors in dogs, suggested that it be removed at once.

Tom turned only a few dog hairs during the operation and quickly returned to his usual frisky self. The mass, to everyone's surprise, was not a malignant tumor after all. Instead, the microscopic slides showed a subacute inflammatory response involving some lymph glands in Tom's neck. We were baffled as to what might be the cause of this inflammation. Tuberculosis? Yeast? Fungi? Searching for these organisms, I asked the technicians to treat further sections of the tissue with special staining methods. These new sections showed an "unusual round fungus." Under the microscope round structures were indeed there. Curiously, they lay around the outside of the mass. None lay inside. No one had ever seen a fungus quite like this before. Finally, someone on the surgical service brightened with a happy thought. Perhaps these were not fungi but round spherules of starch! Starch? Starch, we all now recalled, is used to dust surgical gloves. Some of it could have remained on the gloves used during Tom's operation and could have been transferred to the outside of the mass when it was resected.

When I checked out this possibility and looked at starch dust under the microscope, I finally realized that it is made up of round spherules. Moreover, because starch is composed of many sugar molecules, the starch in Tom's biopsy also turned red when stained with a special histochemical stain for sugars. In fact, the starch spherules looked very much like the human Lafora bodies we were trying to identify! When these elementary facts entered my awareness, they completely transformed our approach to Lafora's disease. Lafora bodies in humans not only looked like starch but also

James H. Austin is chairman of the Department of Neurology at the University of Colorado Medical Center. This article is adapted from the author's forthcoming book, Chase, Chance and Creativity.

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could be a kind of starch! Starting afresh from this new working hypothesis, we could next apply the appropriate chemical tests for sugar to the small amounts of Lafora bodies Dr. Yokoi had isolated. The tests permitted us to confirm our hypothesis. Some weeks later we finally knew that Lafora bodies, like starch, were essentially made up of many sugar units linked together in a long chain to form a polymer.

Now, nothing in this story is intended to convey the view that raising dogs and running them afield is better than being hard working, persistent, curious, imaginative, or enthusiastic. Nor would we downgrade the sudden flash of insight that illuminates the scene or the whiff of intuition that inclines us in the right—or wrong—direction.

But when this is said and done, much that is really novel in our creative efforts will still be decided at the pivotal moment when we confront chance. Like the lowly turtle, man, too, lurches forward only if he first sticks his neck out and chances the consequences.

What is chance? Dictionaries define it as something fortuitous that happens unpredictably without discernible human intention. Chance is unintentional and capricious, but we needn't conclude that chance is immune from human intervention. Indeed, chance plays several distinct roles when humans react creatively with one another and with their environment.

We can readily distinguish four varieties of chance if we consider that they each involve a different kind of motor activity and a special kind of sensory receptivity. The varieties of chance also involve distinctive personality traits and differ in the way one particular individual influences them.

Chance I is the pure blind luck that comes with no effort on our part. If, for example, you are sitting at a bridge table of four, it's "in the cards" for you to receive a hand of all 13 spades, but it will come up only once in every 6.3 trillion deals. You will ultimately draw this lucky hand—with no intervention on your part—but it does involve a longer wait than most of us have time for.

Chance II evokes the kind of luck Charles Kettering had in mind when he said: "Keep on going and the chances are you will stumble on something, perhaps when you are least expecting it. I have never heard of anyone stumbling on something sitting down."

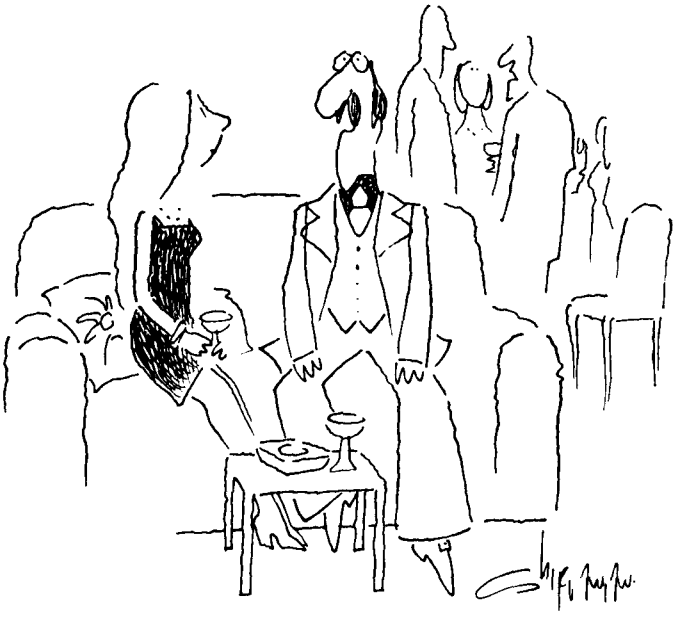
In the sense referred to here, Chance II is not passive, but springs from an energetic, generalized motor activity. A certain basal level of action "stirs up the pot," brings in random ideas that will collide and stick together in fresh combinations, lets chance operate. When someone, *anyone,* does swing into motion and keeps on going, he will increase the number of collisions between events. When a few events are linked together, they can then be exploited to have a fortuitous outcome, but many others, of course, cannot. Kettering was right. Press on. Something will turn up. We may term this the Kettering Principle.

In the two previous examples, a unique role of the individual person was either lacking or minimal. Accordingly, as we move on to Chance III, we see blind luck, but in camouflage. Chance presents the clue, the opportunity exists, but it would be missed except by that one person uniquely equipped to observe it, visualize it conceptually, and fully grasp its significance. Chance III involves a special receptivity and discernment unique to the recipient. Louis Pasteur characterized it for all time when he said: "Chance favors only the prepared mind."

Pasteur himself had it in full measure. But the classic example of his principle occurred in 1928, when Alexander Fleming's mind instantly fused at least five elements into a conceptually unified nexus. His mental sequences went something like this: (1) I see that a mold has fallen by accident into my culture dish; (2) the staphylococcal colonies residing near it failed to grow; (3) the mold must have secreted something that killed the bacteria; (4) I recall a similar experience once before; (5) if I could separate this new "something" from the mold, it could be used to kill staphylococci that cause human infections.

Actually, Fleming's mind was exceptionally well prepared for the penicillin mold. Six years earlier, while he was suffering from a cold, his own nasal drippings had found their way onto a culture dish, for reasons not made entirely clear. He noted that nearby bacteria were killed, and astutely followed up the lead. His observations led him to discover a bactericidal enzyme present in nasal mucus and tears, called lysozyme. Lysozyme proved too weak to be of medical use, but imagine how receptive Fleming's mind was to the penicillin mold when it later happened on the scene!

One word evokes the quality of the operations involved in the first three kinds of chance. It is *serendipity.* The term describes the facility for encountering unexpected good luck, as the result of: accident (Chance I), general exploratory behavior (Chance II), or sagacity (Chance III). The word itself was coined by the Englishman-of-letters Horace Walpole, in 1754. He used it with reference to the legendary tales of the Three Princes of Serendip (Ceylon), who quite unexpectedly encountered many instances of good fortune on their travels. In today's parlance, we have usually watered down *serendipity* to mean the good luck that comes solely



"What with Ford pardoning Nixon, the struggle over Cyprus, the Japanese terrorists, and the jump in sirloin price, no one noticed that I quit smoking."

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OPEN MIND

discusses

"SURVIVAL OF THE PRESIDENCY"

For all of its recent imperial trappings, how well can a strong-leadership American presidency survive our new mix of a mature society's seemingly endless unresolvable problems and mass media that thrive on failure, not success, reaching all of the people all of the time with their accusations of inadequacy and prophecies of doom?

Produced by WPIX, New York, in cooperation with Saturday Review World, and moderated by

Richard D. Heffner,

Professor of Communications and Public Policy at Rutgers University, author of "A Documentary History of the United States"; and editor of Tocqueville's "Democracy in America"

In New York, Sun., Nov. 10

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by accident. We think of it as a result, not an ability. We have tended to lose sight of the element of sagacity, by which term Walpole wished to emphasize that some distinctive personal receptivity is involved.

There remains a fourth element in good luck, an unintentional but subtle personal prompting of it. The English Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli summed up the principle underlying Chance IV when he noted that "we make our fortunes and we call them fate." Disraeli, a politician of considerable practical experience, appreciated that we each shape our own destiny, at least to some degree. One might restate the principle as follows: *Chance favors the individualized action.*

In Chance IV the kind of luck is peculiar to one person, and like a personal hobby, it takes on a distinctive individual flavor. This form of chance is one-man-made, and it is as personal as a signature. Indeed, it is to motor behavior what Chance III is to sensory receptivity. But Chance IV connotes no generalized activity, as bees might have in the anonymity of a hive. Instead, it comprehends a discrete behavioral performance focused in a unique manner. Chance IV has an elusive, almost mirage-like, quality. Like a mirage, it is difficult to get a firm grip on, for it tends to recede as we pursue it and advance as we step back. But we still accept a mirage when we see it, because we vaguely understand the basis for the phenomenon. A strongly heated layer of air, less dense than usual, lies next to the earth, and it bends the light rays as they pass through. The resulting image may be magnified as if by a telescopic lens in the atmosphere, and real objects, ordinarily hidden far out of sight over the horizon, are brought forward and revealed to the eye. What happens in a mirage then, and in this form of chance, not only appears farfetched but indeed is farfetched.

About a century ago, a striking example of Chance IV took place in the Spanish cave of Altamira.* There, one day in 1879, Don Marcelino de Sautuola was engaged in his hobby of archaeology, searching Altamira for bones and stones. With him was his daughter, Maria, who had asked him if she could come along to the cave that day. The indulgent father had said she could. Naturally enough, he first looked where he had always found heavy objects before, on the *floor* of the cave. But Maria, unhampered by any such preconceptions, looked not only at the floor but also all around the cave with the open-eyed wonder of a child. She looked up, exclaimed, and then he looked up, to see incredible works of art on the cave ceiling! The magnificent colored bison and other animals they saw at Altamira, painted more than 15,000 years ago, might lead one to call it "the Sistine Chapel of Prehistory." Passionately pursuing his interest in archaeology, de Sautuola, to his surprise, discovered man's first paintings. In quest of Science, he happened upon Art.

Yes, a dog did "discover" the cave, and the initial receptivity was his daughter's, but the pivotal reason for the cave paintings' discovery hinged on a long sequence of prior events originating in de Sautuola himself. For when we dig into the background of this amateur excavator, we find he was an exceptional person. Few Spaniards were out probing into caves 100 years ago. The fact that he—not someone else—decided to dig that day in the cave of Altamira was the culmination of his passionate interest in his hobby. Here was a rare man whose avocation had been to educate himself from scratch, as it were, in the science of archaeology and cave exploration. This was no simple passive recognizer of blind luck when it came his way, but a man whose unique interests served as an active creative thrust—someone whose own actions and personality would focus the events that led circuitously but inexorably to the discovery of man's first paintings.

Then, too, there is a more subtle matter. How do you give full weight to the personal interests that imbue your child with your own curiosity, that inspire her to ask to join you in your own musty hobby, and that then lead you to agree to her request at the critical moment? For many reasons, at Altamira, more than the special receptivity of Chance III was required—this was a different domain, that of the personality and its actions.

A century ago no one had the remotest idea our caveman ancestors were highly creative artists. Weren't their talents rather minor and limited to crude flint chippings? But the paintings at Altamira, like a mirage, would quickly magnify this diminutive view, bring up into full focus a distant, hidden era of

**The cave had first been discovered some years before by an enterprising hunting dog in search of game. Curiously, in 1932 the French cave of Lascaux was discovered by still another dog.*

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ıan's prehistory, reveal sentient minds nd well-developed aesthetic sensibilities ɔ which men of any age might aspire. ınd like a mirage, the events at Altaıira grew out of de Sautuola's heated ersonal quest and out of the invisible ɔrces of chance we know exist yet canot touch. Accordingly, one may introuce the term *altamirage* to identify the uality underlying Chance IV. Let us efine it as the facility for encountering nexpected good luck as the result of ighly individualized action. Altamirage oes well beyond the boundaries of erendipity in its emphasis on the role f personal action in chance.

Chance IV is favored by distinctive, not eccentric, hobbies, personal fe-styles, and modes of behavior peuliar to one individual, usually invested ith some passion. The farther apart hese personal activities are from the rea under investigation, the more novel nd unexpected will be the creative prodıct of the encounter.

For some classic examples of the four hances in biology and medicine, let us gain turn to Fleming.

Good examples of Chance I (pure lind luck) do not leap out from the ıedical literature, because researchers lways feel a little guilty when they menion that luck has replaced more rational pproaches. However, we can rely on leming for his candor as he described ıow it was to be visited by Chance I. He said: "There are thousands of diferent molds, and there are thousands of lifferent bacteria, and that chance put hat mold in the right spot at the right ime was like winning the Irish Sweepstakes."

Many investigators are as energetic ıs bees, so their fast mental and physiıal pace stirs up a certain amount of hance II for this reason alone. Examıles of Chance II are surely all around ıs, but it is difficult to prove with sciıntific certainty that they exist, because tudies of twins would be required. No esearcher seems to have a twin who is ndolent, but equal in all other abilities, o serve as a basis for comparison.

We have already considered Fleming ınder Chance III, and for an example ɔf the subtle workings of the personality n Chance IV, we can return to him. In leming's background was a boyhood haped by the frugal economy of a Scotish hill farm in Ayrshire. Later, we find hat much of his decision to train and work at old St. Mary's Hospital in Lonlon was not based on the excellence of

Is there really starvation in America?

There sure is.

And there would be more of it except for the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund.

There's Elma May Greer. Since her husband died, she's been trying to support eight children on $84 a month from welfare.

Join Ray Wood's family for dinner. When he can't pick up any day labor, his $25-a-month veteran's disability pension has to feed all 11 of them.

Try budgeting Berlean Fairley's $60 a month to cover lights, gas, food and shoes for four growing kids.

For these families, and thousands more in the rural South, there's only one alternative to literal, actual starvation: the Federal Food Stamp Program.

But how do you buy food stamps when you have no cash? How do you get to the selling office when you're blind, or crippled, or can't scrape up the carfare?

That's where the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund comes in.

Through volunteers working out of local NAACP branches, we provide the cash—and sometimes the carfare—that makes food stamps available to the Greers and Woods and Fairleys.

Sometimes it's as little as $1 to buy a penniless couple $64 worth of food stamps. Occasionally, it's as much as $20, which can give each member of a family of 16 about 65¢ worth of food each day. Mostly, we help families out with the $8 or $10 or $12 a month they need to get their full food-stamp allotment.

It really isn't much—but to the people who get it, it's the difference between life and death.

And when you're talking about more than 30,000 families helped, the cost mounts up.

That's why the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund needs your help so badly.

Every dollar you contribute is tax-deductible. And, on the average, every dollar we get converts into $11 worth of food.

But we can't do it without *your* dollars. So please send what you can. Thanks.

NAACP Emergency Relief Fund
Dept. B20, Box 121,
Radio City Station,
New York, N.Y. 10019

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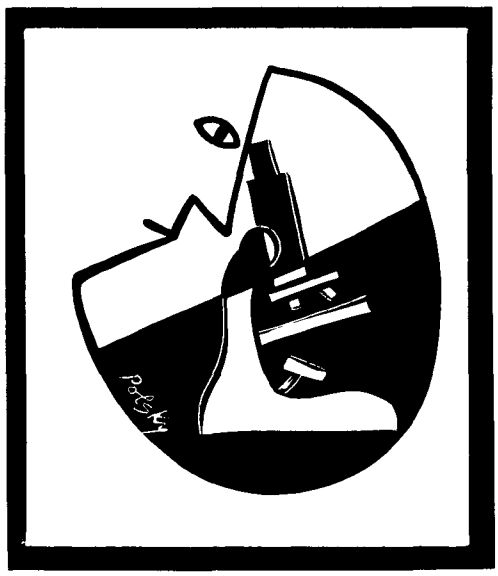
its scientific facilities. Instead, his decision hinged on the fact that he liked to play water polo and St. Mary's had a good swimming pool. Without the hobby that drew him to St. Mary's, Fleming would never have discovered penicillin! Still later, when he is 47, let us observe this same thrifty Scot at his laboratory at St. Mary's. His research facilities are primitive by today's standards. His bench stands beneath a window, covered by a clutter of old culture dishes, for Fleming is still reluctant to throw any dish out until he is certain that everything possible has been learned from it. He then picks up one culture dish of staphylococci that, with ingrained thrift, he has hoarded for many days. The delay has been crucial. Had he thrown the dish out earlier, on schedule like the rest of us, the penicillin mold might not have had the opportunity to grow. But there the mold is now, growing in the over-age culture dish, and he alone also has the prepared mind to realize its implications.

We have now seen Sir Alexander Fleming's modest comment about his Irish Sweepstakes luck under Chance I, and can infer that Chance II entered his life from his many industrious years in the laboratory. We later observed how receptive he was (Chance III) and finally how his hobby and his thrifty habits coalesced in Chance IV. Fleming's discovery earned him the Nobel Prize in Physiology and Medicine in 1945. (He shared it with Florey and Chain, who achieved the large-scale production of penicillin.) In Fleming's life, then, we see a fusion of all four forms of chance, and from this there follows a simple conclusion: The most novel, if not the greatest, discoveries occur when several varieties of chance coincide. Let us call this unifying observation the Fleming Effect. His life exemplifies it, and it merits special emphasis.

Why do we still remember men like Fleming? We venerate them not as scientists alone. As men, their total contribution transcends their scientific discoveries. In their lives we see demonstrated how malleable our own futures are. In their work we perceive how many loopholes fate has left us—how much of destiny is still in our hands. In them we find that nothing is predetermined. Chance can be on our side, if we but stir it up with our energies, stay receptive to its every random opportunity, and continually provoke it by individuality in our hobbies and our approach to life. □



Studying the Lunar-Rock Scientist

by Ian I. Mitroff

Everyone is a moon, and has a dark side which he never shows to anybody.
—Mark Twain

We probably know more about the dark side of the moon than we do about our scientists and their outlooks. This neglect is a shame, for the scientists who studied the moon rocks, for example, are every bit as fascinating as the rocks themselves and are, I would contend, much more interesting than the astronauts.

On July 20. 1969, the night when men first walked on the moon and collected lunar rocks, I had an idea for a study that was to occupy me for the next four years. Those rocks were, I knew, going to be brought to earth and analyzed painstakingly. Therefore scientists working on the rocks would soon see either the vindication or the refutation of their pet theories about the moon. I knew that many of the scientists had strong, long-held views about what they *thought* (even *hoped*) the moon was like. And I realized there would be a rare opportunity to study, in this case at least, whether science actually worked in the ways it was supposed to—that is whether scientists easily and naturally gave up their pet hypotheses in the face of "disconfirming" evidence or whether like most of us, they tenaciously held on to their ideas. In short, I felt that somebody ought to study the moon-rock scientists with as critical an eye as the scientists themselves would soon bring to the study of moon rocks.

ALMOST THREE MONTHS to the day after *Apollo 11*'s landing, I began interviewing 42 of the most eminent scientists who were then analyzing the lunar rocks. Each scientist was interviewed four times over a span of three years between Apollo missions, and each was tested for significant psychological differences. The scientists were asked questions like these: (1) Which theory or theories of the moon's origin did you favor before *Apollo 11*? Just after *Apollo 11*? After *Apollo 16*? Why? (2) Which scientists, if any, do you feel are so committed to their pet hypotheses about the nature and origin of the moon that they would find it hard to part with these theories in the face of "disconfirming" evidence? How do you feel about intellectual commitment in general? Do scientists have to be committed to their ideas? Is commitment a threat to objectivity? (3) What outstanding scientific results and discoveries came out of the Apollo missions? Which scientists should be given credit for these discov-

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Ian I. Mitroff is an associate professor at the University of Pittsburgh. This article is abstracted from his recent book about the psychology of the Apollo scientists, The Subjective Side of Science.

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ries? (4) Were any serious errors committed in the selection of lunar landing ites? How good a job did NASA do in lanning and managing the Apollo missions? Should a scientist-astronaut have one along on one of the earlier missions? Were the missions worth the noney spent on them? Now that Apollo s over with, what lessons can we draw rom it about the planning of future arge-scale scientific missions? (5) Fiially, what are your views about the reationship between science and politics, nd are you able to think of the moon n symbolic terms, not just in scientific erms? For example, do the words *masuline* and *feminine* have any meaning or you in connection with the moon?

Of the 42 scientists interviewed, every one indicated that he thought the notion of the purely objective, uncommitted cientist was naive. The vocal and facial expressions that accompanied the verbal esponses were the most revealing of all. They ranged from mild humor and guffaws to clear annoyance and outright expressions of anger. It was felt that the only people who took the idea of the totally objective scientist literally were the general public and first-year science students. Certainly no working scientist, as one of the respondents put it, "believed n that simple-minded nonsense." To the credit of those scientists, they not only freely acknowledged their biases but also argued that in order to be a good scientist, one *had* to have biases. The best scientist, they said, not only has points of view but also defends them with gusto. Their concept of a scientist did not imply that he would cheat by making up experimental data or falsifying it; rather he does everything in his power to defend his pet hypotheses against early and perhaps unwarranted death caused by the introduction of fluke data. The objectivity of science is a result, the scientists said, not of each individual scientist's unbiased outlook, but of the scientific community's examination and debate over the merits of respective biases.

OF ALL THE STUDY'S RESULTS, none are more fascinating than the differences in psychology between the moon-rock scientists. The single characteristic that best served to differentiate the two main types of scientist was "speculativeness." At the one extreme were scientists who, in the words of one respondent, "wouldn't hesitate to build a whole theory of the solar system based on no data at all." At the other extreme were the "data-bound," who at all times stuck close to the known facts. As one respondent put it, "these types wouldn't be able to save their own hides if a fire was burning next to them, because they'd never have enough data to prove that a fire was really there."

The significant thing about these differences is that the more outstanding a scientist was, as judged by his peers, the more he fell toward the *speculative* end of the scale. Conversely, the more "mundane" or "run-of-the-mill" scientists were perceived as falling toward the data-bound end of the scale. The distinguishing mark of the great scientist is apparently his predisposition for producing bold and speculative ideas. Such scientists are also more likely to be interested in the big, the bold, the unsettled questions. For example, the more speculative the moon-rock scientist was, the more curious about the moon's origins he or she was likely to be. On the other hand, nearly half of the scientists in the study were *not* interested in questions about the moon's origin, because they felt that such questions were "too open-ended" to be put "to direct empirical test."

At the same time the more speculative scientists are also more likely to become rigidly committed to their own ideas. Contrary to popular misconception, it is the "lesser," not the "greater," scientist who is more likely to have an "open mind." The greater the scientist, the more likely he is to develop a position and to push it as far as possible.

Finally, if the Apollo missions have taught us anything, it is the realization that science is above all a human creation. As such, Apollo embodies some of man's best, as well as some of his worst, qualities. For instance, there is no denying that science is and has been a sexist institution. This truth was reflected in my study in a number of ways—above all, in the simple fact that there was only one woman in the sample of 42 scientists. This low figure is doubly significant when one considers that the 42 scientists questioned were nominated entirely by their colleagues. From the first few key scientists who were willing to lend their names for purposes of introduction, all respondents were asked whom he or she thought I should talk to next. Only one woman was recommended and chosen by this procedure.

Apollo should have also taught us that science in America is extremely overdeveloped in some respects, woefully underdeveloped in others. It is true that science is a supremely creative activity because scientific reasoning processes call for the ability to think in symbolic terms. However, it is also the case that science is limited in its appreciation and use of symbolism. Out of the 42 scientists interviewed, only 2 or 3 at best were able to conceive of the moon in other than strictly scientific terms. Asking the scientists whether they thought of the moon in such terms as, for example, *masculinity* or *femininity* made as much sense as asking them whether the moon was made of green cheese.

What Apollo should have taught us is how to create a different kind of science, a science that is aware and respectful of the feminine and the masculine—the moon—that is in us all. □

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 20

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 66.

O H P T O D O H Q T
B I A M S - D Z T Y N O D R
U R S S M S , T X N T E M
X S T J S Z I I B V I Z D R S
B I A M S .

R. R. BAHZI

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

Paradise Enow, Now?

Six of us went up into the Sierras last July to get reacquainted with the stars and to try catching some of the small, delicious brook trout that frisk about in those cold mountain lakes and streams. There was my neighbor, Dick Bernacchi, who's a lawyer; there was Andy Van Scoyk with his friend Craig Anderson; and there were Matthew and Dan Gonneau, who had arrived from Paris the night before. Andy, Craig, and Dan are about 12 or 13 years old, and Matthew is 16, I think. As I've mentioned before, I have both feet planted firmly, if temporarily, in middle age, and, though I'm sure Dick Bernacchi doesn't give it much thought yet, he'll be in the same spot before long.

This was the first trip into the High Sierras for Andy, Dan, and Matthew. Matthew was directly in front of me, and as we trudged single file up the trail, he asked me if this was real wilderness. I wasn't sure at the time whether he was asking my opinion as one who through years of experience in backpacking (which I don't have) knows real wilderness from Frontierland or as one who owns and uses more dictionaries than most people and would therefore be familiar with the definition of *wilderness.*

In any case, what I told him was that it *was* real wilderness. That was not strictly true, probably. I think real honest-to-God wilderness shouldn't have such well-worn paths and the ashes of other people's campfires at every likely campsite. But I went on to say that it was wilderness to the extent that the only other humans who would be there would be those who were willing and able to walk a few miles, climbing a seemingly interminable trail, carrying packs on their backs. And there was no electricity, no running water but the natural streams, and no man-made structures but a few piles of rocks put together by previous campers for their fires. So of course it was wilderness.

For the rest of the hike to the lake we'd chosen as our destination, I stocked my lungs with enough pure air to last for the coming weeks in Los Angeles smog, and I gorged my eyes on the almost unbearable grandeur of the Sierras. And I thought about the paradox brought into focus by Matthew's question—the paradox of wilderness. Wilderness is one of the treasures of the world that, by their very nature, are destroyed by overexposure. There's always someone—usually a road builder or a real-estate developer—advocating "opening up the wilderness for everyone to enjoy." A very democratic idea but self-defeating. Obviously, "opening up the wilderness" means roads; roads mean cars, trucks, filling stations, restaurants, hotels, noise, foul air, and no more wilderness.

The Random House Dictionary defines *wilderness* as "a wild and uncultivated region, as of forest or desert, uninhabited or inhabited only by wil animals." "Build a home in the wilder ness" is a tempting invitation, but onc the home is built, the wilderness is gone

As population increases, wildernes decreases. That has always been so. Bu now there is so little wilderness left— so little verdant wilderness, that is there's always lots of desert—that th situation is getting critical. More an more people are packing into the wilder ness, but there's less and less wildernes to pack into.

Wilderness is under constant attac by those who would open it up so every one can enjoy it, and it sounds elitis to argue that the only people who ca possibly enjoy it are those who are will ing and able to walk into it carrying thei gear with them.

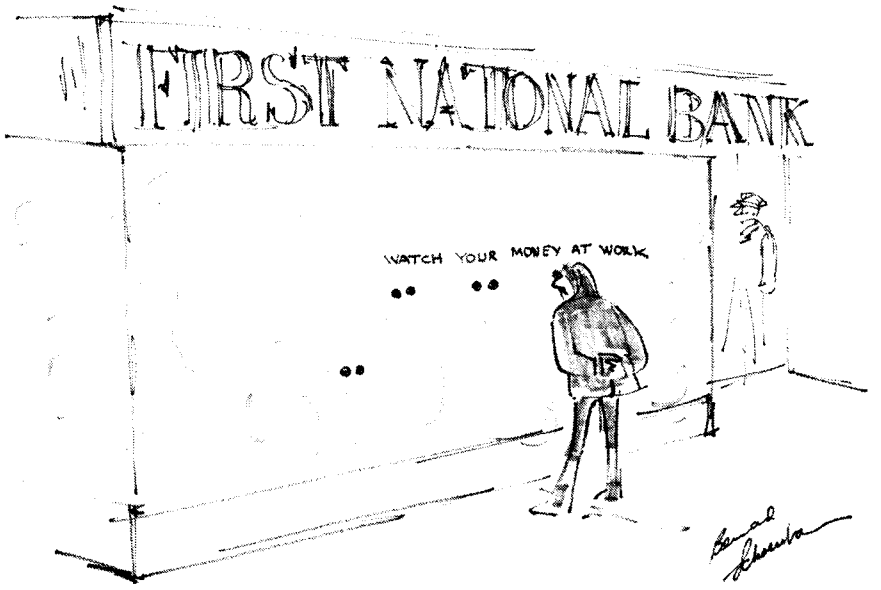
Camping is getting increasingly popu lar. There are two major categories o campers: those who camp in campe trucks or large tents, enjoying many o the comforts of home, and those wh carry on their persons everything the need except what they expect to find i the wilderness.

The first category needs roads, whil to the second, roads are something to ge away from.

Motorized camping involves the mak ers of camper trucks and their para phernalia: camp stoves, camp lanterns portable toilets, air mattresses, and doz ens of other gimmicks for building a home away from home. Money make not only the mare go but also the Win nebago.

No wonder there are always nev schemes for civilizing the wilderness Those of us who want it left uncivilizec may feel we're on the side of the angels but we're certainly not on the side of the big battalions.

"To open up the wilderness" is com parable to "to destroy the village in orde to save it." I hope there will always b young people asking, "Is this real wilder ness?" and that the answer, truthfully and often, can be yes. □



Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 51): moods, dooms, Sodom.

Answer to *Literary Crypt No. 20* (see page 65): In baiting a mouse-trap with cheese, always leave room for the mouse H. H. Munro

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Double-Crostic No. 60

by Thomas H. Middleton

1	R	2	B	3	E	4	M	5	V			6	C	7	Z			8	P			9	K	10	U
11	D	12	G	13	E	14	N	15	S																
16	O	17	Y	18	B			19	R	20	C	21	M	22	S	23	K	24	P	25	T	26	Z	27	H
28	A			29	L	30	Q																		
31	K			32	J	33	B	34	P	35	N	36	Y	37	V			38	T	39	R	40	D	41	L
42	W	43	E	44	K	45	P	46	Y																
47	Q	48	V			49	I	50	T			51	B	52	Q			53	E	54	G	55	W	56	A
57	J			58	H	59	L	60	I																
61	Y	62	B			63	T	64	O			65	Y	66	M	67	P			68	K	69	P	70	V
71	R	72	J	73	S	74	B	75	C																
76	D	77	U			78	Q	79	F	80	I			81	B	82	Y			83	C	84	L	85	W
		86	P	87	Q			88	D																
89	T	90	F			91	A	92	T	93	M	94	L	95	K			96	A	97	G	98	Q	99	Z
		100	K	101	J	102	V	103	O																
		104	G	105	A	106	T	107	M	108	P	109	D	110	R	111	E	112	U	113	B			114	M
115	X			116	W	117	K	118	D																
		119	V			120	K	121	A	122	F	123	O	124	J	125	U			126	D	127	W	128	K
		129	Z	130	G	131	K	132	R																
133	L	134	C	135	N	136	A	137	T	138	F	139	M			140	R	141	X			142	N	143	F
144	Z			145	G	146	T	147	L																
148	S			149	C	150	Q	151	D	152	R	153	V			154	T	155	G	156	A	157	R		
158	T	159	B			160	H	161	X																
		162	G	163	C			164	X	165	L	166	C	167	A			168	U	169	N	170	R		
171	W	172	Q	173	P			174	P																
175	L	176	Z	177	I	178	A			179	O	180	I	181	E	182	X			183	U	184	B		
185	H	186	X			187	E	188	P																
189	X			190	E	191	C	192	B	193	I	194	N	195	X	196	Y			197	E	198	Q	199	V

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. North Island, South Island, etc. (2 wds.)	28 56 91 96 105 121 136 156 167 178
B. Pulitzer Prize musical, 1931 (4 wds.)	184 159 192 2 18 33 51 62 81 113 74
C. Thefts	75 83 134 149 166 191 6 20 163
D. Make less severe	40 109 126 151 11 76 88 118
E. Considerate, courteous	190 187 197 3 43 53 111 181 13
F. Mother of Ra	79 90 122 138 143
G. Brahmin; egghead	155 162 12 54 97 104 130 145
H. "___myself in the house of Rimmon" (2 wds., II Kings 5:18)	160 185 27 58
I. Komodo dragon, for instance	177 193 49 180 60 80
J. Forgetfulness	32 57 72 101 124
K. "Let me not name it to you, you ___!" (2 wds., *Othello*)	68 117 44 95 100 128 9 23 31 120 131
L. He was played by Errol Flynn, Richard Todd, Don Taylor, et al. (2 wds.)	147 175 41 133 84 165 29 59 94
M. Decorative band on the front of some ecclesiastical robes	114 4 21 66 93 107 139

CLUES	WORDS
N. The least bit of anything	14 35 135 142 194 169
O. Change	123 179 16 64 103
P. Old World warbler	174 188 24 34 67 108 173 69 86 8 45
Q. French composer (1819–80; "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein")	47 30 87 150 52 172 78 98 198
R. Piece of string, thread, etc., used to wrap a sail being sent aloft to be set (2 wds.)	19 39 110 157 170 152 132 1 140 71
S. Express excessive fondness	148 73 15 22
T. Thriving only in the presence of light	106 89 63 25 92 50 137 146 154 158 38
U. Greatest	10 183 77 112 125 168
V. American author (1875–1939; *Riders of the Purple Sage*; full name)	119 102 48 5 153 37 199 70
W. Type of stringed instrument	171 42 116 127 85 55
X. A pair of these denote clumsiness (2 wds.)	195 182 115 161 141 186 189 164
Y. Patent	36 17 46 61 196 82 65
Z. Judge (2 wds.)	7 26 99 144 176 129

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 59* appears on page 48.

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(**CYPRUS:** *continued from page 12.*)
clude the British bases, which are sovereign British territory though inside Cyprus.)

(3) A federal solution is possible within these provisions:

(a) The percentage of the territory of the Turks is in proportion to the Turkish population.

(b) There is to be no transfer of population from the Turkish mainland.

(c) A strong federal government will work among the cantons, but it will be responsible for foreign affairs, defense, economy, and immigration to prevent mass immigration from Greece or Turkey.

(d) Complete demilitarization of the island (this also does not include the British bases).

A plan for federation that would divide the island into two parts would lead to partition, double *enosis,* and the destruction of the sovereign state. "Athens," said Mavros in clear terms, "categorically rejects the policy of *enosis.* For Greece, *enosis* doesn't exist. If the Greek government doesn't want *enosis,* the island can't force union on the mother country."

That flat statement would seem to settle, finally, the matter of Greek annexation. "But who," asked Basil Vlavianos, head of the American Committee Against Aggression in Cyprus, an almost plaintive voice in the angry halls of thrust and riposte, "who speaks for Cyprus?" More importantly, who speaks for peace? Far from moving towards world order, the message from Cyprus is that force wins. Even Dr. Rudolf Kirchschlager, the Austrian president, whose soldiers are part of the United Nations' Cyprus force, watched the events and decided that Austria, too, must bolster its military strength, whatever the cost to its moral image.

"Turkey," says Vlavianos, had "violated every basic right of human dignity for which we hung war criminals at Nuremberg. They had bombed unprotected civilians; they had dropped napalm on hospitals; they had captured civilian Cypriote populations and removed them to Turkey; they had repopulated territory owned by Greek Cypriotes with Turks. That is precisely what the Germans did to the Poles. And the world stood by now as it did then.

"I remember being in France in 1938," recalls Vlavianos, "and listening to Frenchmen say, 'Why, indeed, should I go to fight for Czechoslovakia?' Who now will fight for the Cypriotes who could be tomorrow's Czechs?"

Beyond the human crimes, Cyprus, like Czechoslovakia, could prove the tinder that could ignite the conflagration. Emboldened by Cyprus, Turkey could march farther afield. Already it is questioning the air rights over the Aegean Sea, demanding that all aircraft approaching from the west notify Ankara while midway across the sea. Other Greek islands, far closer to Turkey than Cyprus, may be tempting to a nation possessed of a rapacious appetite. A flare-up of hostilities of Greek minorities inside Turkey or Turkish minorities in Thrace is possible. And then there is oil, which the Greeks have discovered near the island of Thasos on a continental shelf that the Turks have already surveyed and to which they would like to send a drilling team. And what of a tottering NATO alliance that once stretched an iron ring around the Socialist nations? If Turkey and Greece are closer to warring against each other than providing a mutual alliance, what are the prospects when Marshal Tito dies and the Soviet Union sends its divisions south and west through Romania, Bulgaria, and Hungary until they reach the Adriatic and stand on Greece's northern border panting for a short march to the Aegean itself?

In my very last hour in Cyprus last April, I sat in the cafe of the Nicosia airport, waiting for the plane that would take me on the 20-minute flight to Beirut. Andros Andronikou, the bright young director of tourism, had come down to see me off, and we chatted at length about his plans and the island's future. Behind us in the airport cafe sat four young Danish soldiers of the U.N. force. "We call them paid tourists," Andronikou said. "There is nothing for them to do but enjoy Cyprus, and they get paid for it." Then more seriously, but with exuberance, he said that by 1976 Cyprus would double the number of hotel beds, and by that year he expected nearly half a million long-stay visitors.

I thought of him often during those terrible days of the Cyprus summer, and I think of him now. In his glowing set of statistics he didn't count on those foreign visitors who descended with such force in July and again in August and who remain there still. □

"What I can't get straight is who's the détenter and who's the détentee."

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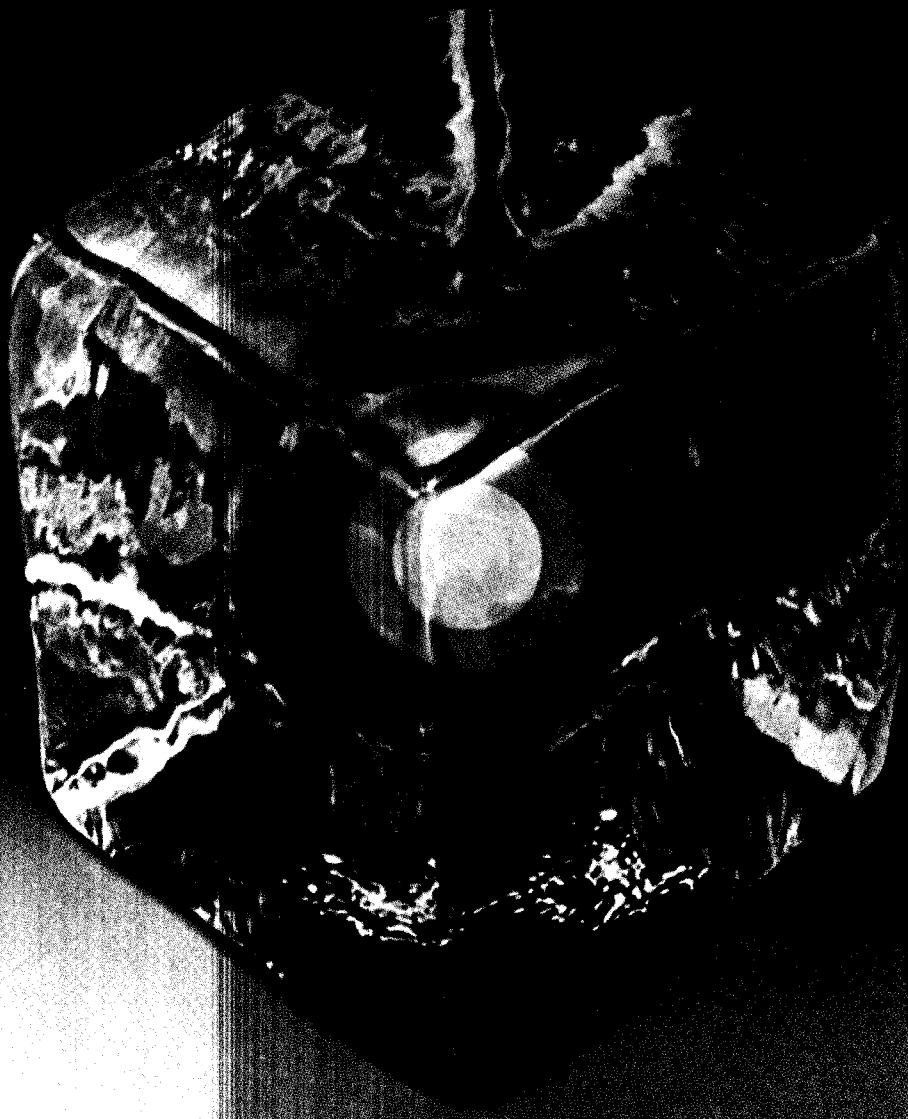

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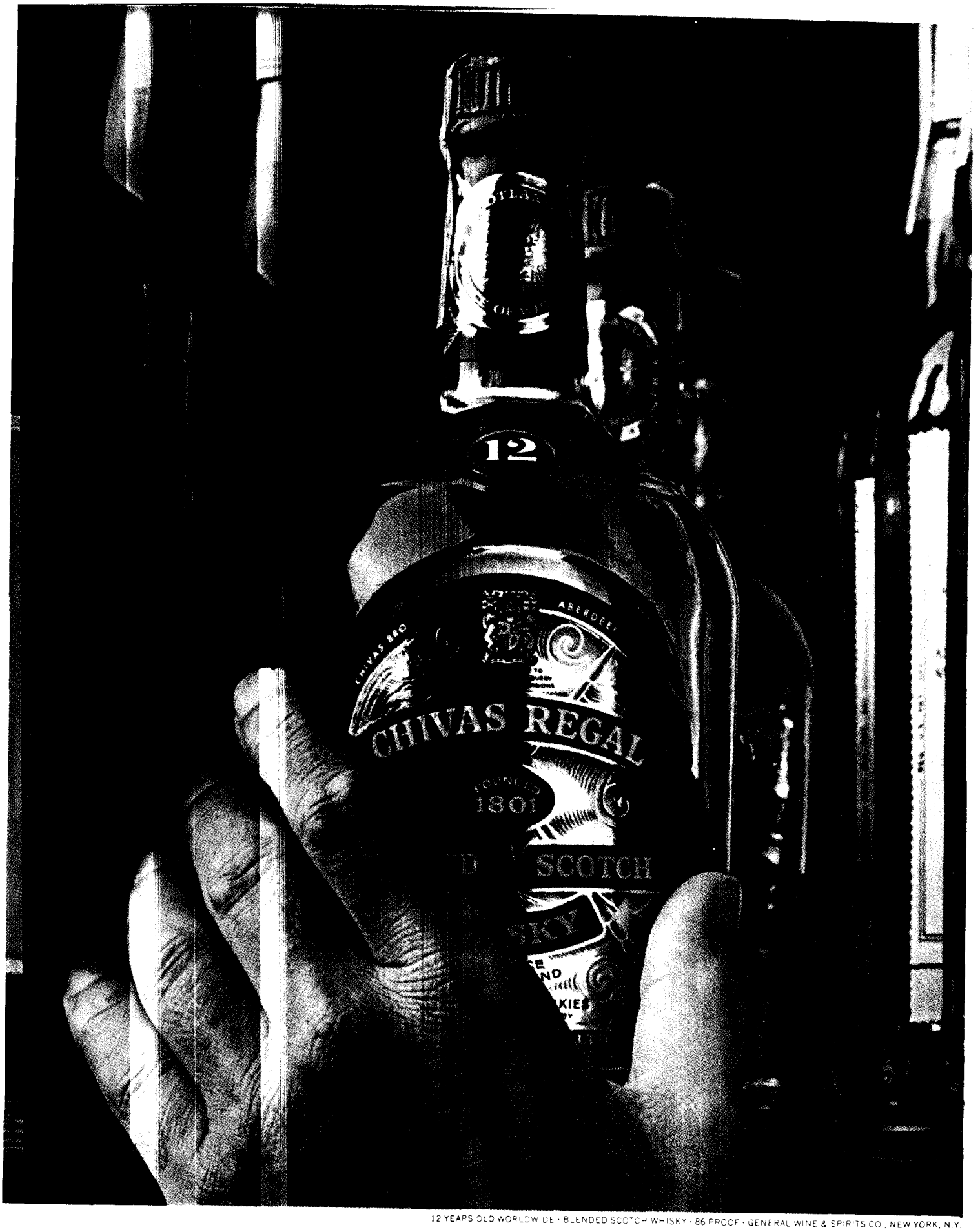

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